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[For information on the reminiscences of older informants about the African people and/or their ancestors who were brought over to the New World as slaves before the American Civil War, see Category 829.]

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[For additional information on informants, see Category 159.]

Africa and became the driver on Thomas Spalding's Sapelo plantation. Belali Mohomet and his wife, Phoebe, prayed "wen duh sun come up, wen it straight obuh head an wen it set," she recalls. "Dey bow tuh duh sun and hab lill mat tuh kneel on." She also tells the visitors the story of her grandmother. "Belali he from Africa but muh gran she come by Bahamas. She speak funny wuds we didn know." On the same day, every year, her grandmother had made a strange, flat cake.

> She wash rice, an po off all duh watuh. She let wet rice sit all night, an in mawnin rice is all swell. She tek dat rice an put it in wooden mawtuh, an beat it tuh paste wid wooden pestle. She add honey, sometime shuguh, an make it in flat cake wid uh hans. "Saraka" she call um.

Katie Brown has endured. She is one of the oldest dwellers on Sapelo. Her words gradually reveal to the visitors a portrait of Sapelo's black community, a culture in which the past still persists into the present, a culture shaped as much by remembered traditions from Africa as by encountered traditions from elsewhere.

Look at the pictures. Here is Tony William Delegal, the blind Ogeechee Town centenarian who toiled as a slave on Major John Thomas's Harris Neck plantation and who can still sing an African song for the Savannah visitors. Here is Henry Williams of St. Marys, born a slave of "William Cole wut live at Oakland Plantation." Williams recalls Daddy Patty, an Ibo who "use tuh talk tuh the mens in the tannin yahd bout weah he came from. He ain talk tuh me but I heah im." Patty had told the men of life in Africa. "Patty he wuz the chief son an he have three straight mahks slantin down on he right cheek an that wuz a bran tuh show who he wuz." And here is Jim Myers of Mush Bluff Island, sitting on the oak logs that serve as front steps for his cabin in a hard-

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Introduction to the Brown Thrasher Edition

CHARLES JOYNER

121 LOOK AT THE PICTURES. HERE ARE CABINS AND PRAISE-houses, oxcarts, banjos, and coiled baskets. Here are carved chains and masks, wooden figures and walking sticks. Here are the haunting faces of black coastal Georgians.

121 •115 Here is Katie Brown, sitting on the sunny steps of her unpainted cabin, her head swathed in a white kerchief, her body encased in a well-worn sweater. Her visitors have come down the coast more than fifty miles from Savannah, crossing over to Sapelo, one of the long chain of sea islands that stretch along the South Carolina and Georgia coast. Passing the sawmill village in the center of the island, they have bounced through woods and underbrush over winding, tree-shaded oxcart paths to the tiny settlement on the lower end of the island. Here live the descendants of Sapelo's plantation slaves. Katie Brown is a gracious hostess to the visitors who ply her with pipe tobacco and questions about old-time customs and beliefs. They ask her about "sitting-up" with the dead, about conjures and spirits, about the use of drums in church services, and about animal trickster tales. "Yeah, we hab set-ups wid duh dead," she acknowledges, but maintains, "I ain know bout conjuh." As for drums in church, she recalls that they "use to hab um long time ago, but not now on duh ilun,—leas I ain heah um." Regarding Buh Rabbit stories, she says, "I heah um, but I fuhgits." But she has not forgotten Belali Mohomet, her great-grandfather who came from

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INTRODUCTION

121 •115 (757) packed clearing amid a grove of trees. Myers is slightly stooped from rheumatism and wears two brass wires around his ankles to help relieve the pain in his legs. His African-born grandmother, Bina, "tell me how she get heah on a big boat an she lan down theah on Cumberland Ilun on a big dock." He tells the visitors how the slaveholders "broke" (567) newly enslaved Africans by confining them in a log house, chaining them to iron rings in the floor:

> They chained them wile Africans theah till they wuz tame. They'd take em out one by one and they'd give em a stick an put em in the fiel with people wut knowd how tuh wuk an that way they lun how too. They sked to give em a hoe. It's shahp and they might frail roun with it.

Look at his picture. A big, barefoot, very black man with a fringe of white beard, Jim Myers is a living link between Georgia and Africa.

121 FROM THEIR ENCOUNTERS with Katie Brown, Tony William Delegal, Henry Williams, and Jim Myers—and with 134 other people like them in twenty locations over a three-year period—the fieldworkers of the Savannah Unit of the Federal Writers Project fashioned a series of haunting portraits in words and pictures of coastal black Georgians. Their book, *Drums and Shadows,* is aimed at a general audience. It is organized by community and is presented in a straightforward narrative spiced with long quotations in a readable literary adaptation of the black Georgians' speech. It is filled with rich examples of Afro-American folklore.

128 (192) *Drums and Shadows* presents much information on folk speech and naming patterns, including the use of day names and the folk etymology of Gullah. Here are examples of numerous African words used in coastal Georgia. Here is *deloe*

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VI. James Collier at Brownville

[following p. xxxii –E]

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VII. Tony Delegal at Ogeechee Town

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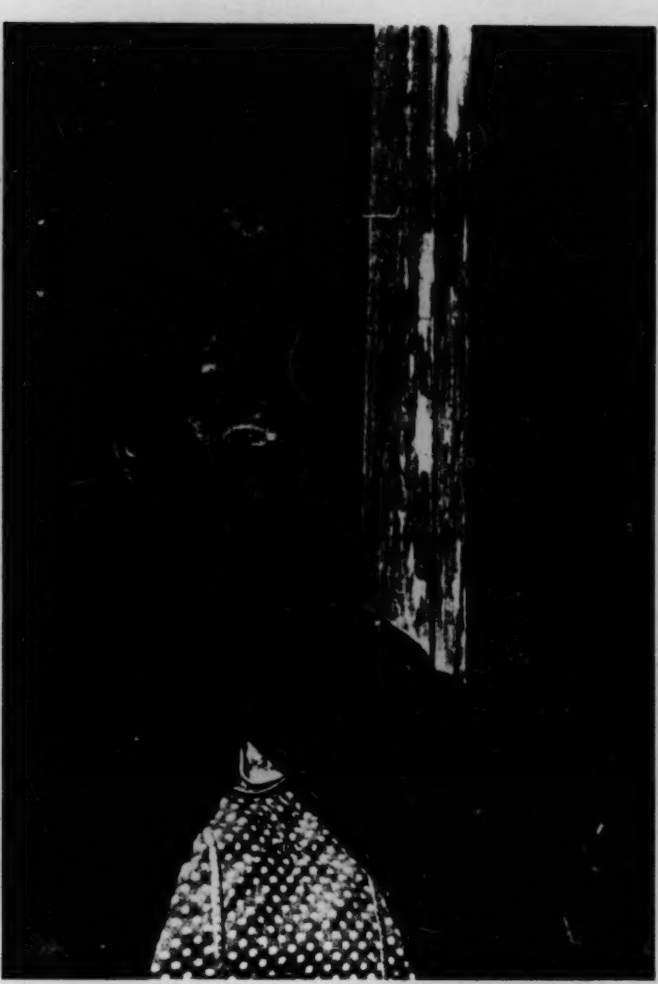

XIVa. Rachel Anderson at Possum Point

[following p xxxii-N]

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XIVb. The Andersons' granddaughter at Possum Point

[following p. xxxii-0]

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XVa. Katie Brown with Flint

[following p. xxxii-Q]

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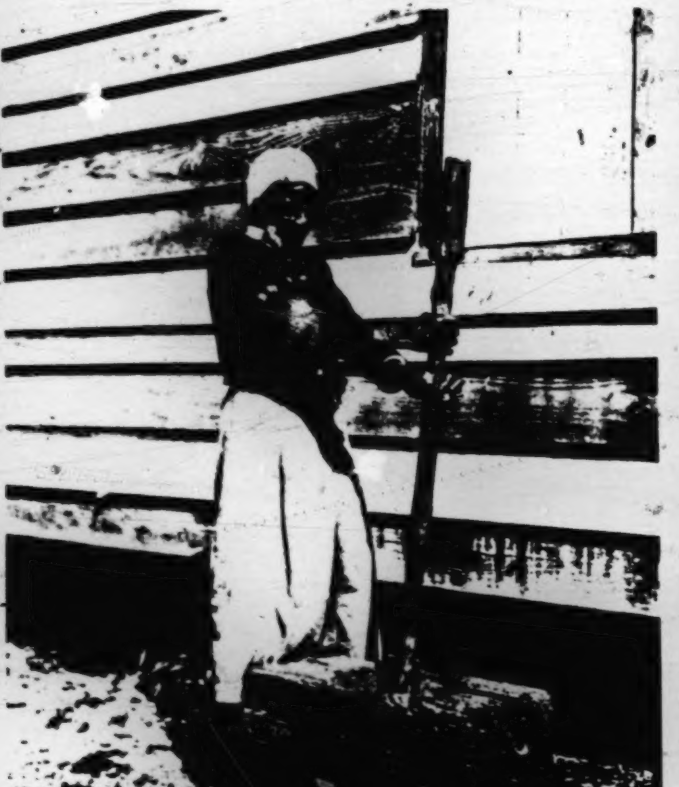

XVb. Katie Brown with pestle and mortar

[following p. xxxii-R]

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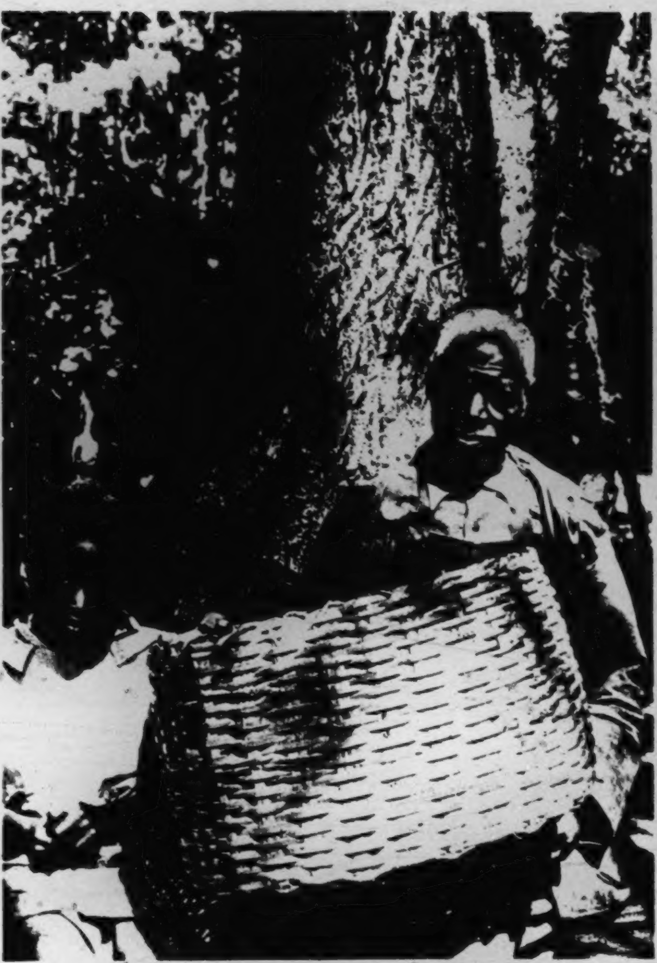

XVc. Cuffy Wilson and granddaughter at Sapelo

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XVd. Nero Jones at Sapelo

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XVIIa. Shad Hall at Hog Hammock, Sapelo

[following p: xxxii-V]

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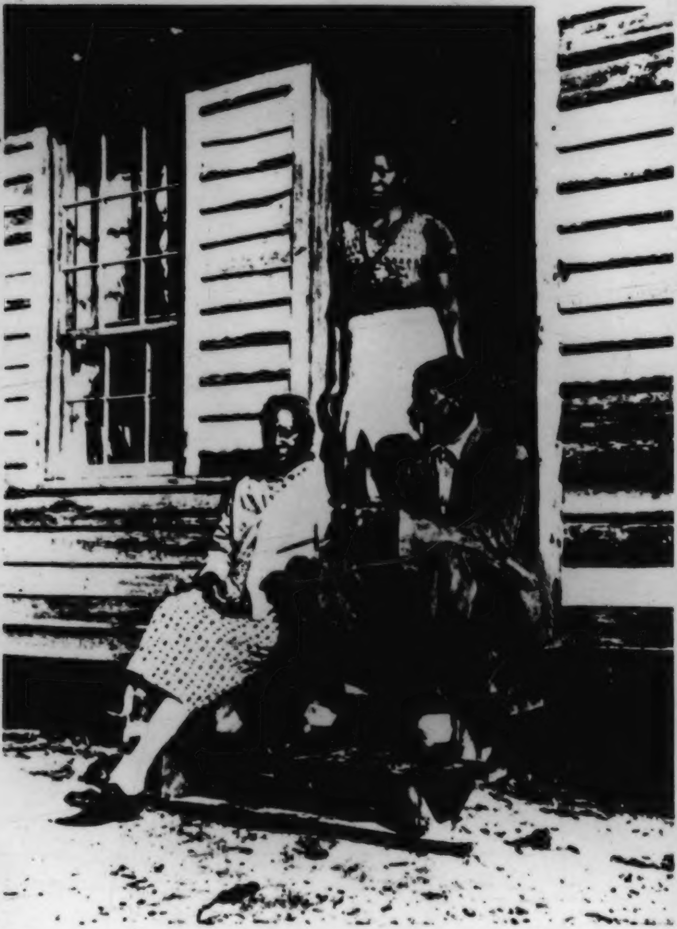

XVIIIb. Ryna Johnson, her daughter and son-in-law at Harrington, St. Simons Island

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XVIIIc. Ben Sullivan at St. Simons Island

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XIX. Henry Williams at St. Marys

[following p. xxxii- AA]

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XXII: Robert Lucas at St. Marys

[following p. XXXii-DD]

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XXIII. Jim Myers at Mush Bluff Island

[following p. XXXii-EE]

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XXIV. Jim Myers at Mush Bluff Island

[following p. xxxii- FF]

771 rooted fear of the unknown. Spirits, ghosts, and "cunjuh" all powerfully influence their daily existence.

Young and middle-aged persons, reticent before strangers,
771 appear dubious and suspicious. They profess great knowl-
754 edge of conjure and superstitions, but they hasten to say that they "sho ain't gonuh tell nobody" what they know about these things. The old inhabitants, more loquacious, enjoy relating their beliefs and customs to a willing listener.

Among the older inhabitants is Aunt Mary,* the daughter
764 of a slave, who remembers the days when rice fields lay east
[115] of the town and it was no unusual sight to find a big " 'gatuh" caught in the rice canal. Early morning finds
(464) Aunt Mary hobbling to her work of scrubbing the entrances to stores. In going to and from work she always drags a broom behind her. When we asked the reason for this, she answered, " 'Cuz uh dohn wants none uh deze fixuhs tuh git muh foot track, cuz den dey kin hanl yuh jis lak dey wants tuh." [7]

787 "Do you really believe that, Aunt Mary? Do you believe in dreams and ghosts too?"

775 "I sho does belieb in dreams an ghoses. Ef uh hab suttn dreams, dey sho comes true. Tuh dream uh fresh poke some uh yuh kin folks gwine die; fresh beef mean duh det uh some wite pusson yuh knows well. Tuh dream uh a dead pusson is a sho sign uh rain, an anudduh sign uh rain is wen a suttn place on muh head itches."

The old woman switched her broom around under the
775 other arm and continued, "As fuh ghoses, ain't uh got tuh belieb in um? [59] Wy, I kin see um muhsef. Yuh see, I wuz
(845) bawn wid a double caul obuh muh face an anybody knows dat a pusson bawn wid a caul obuh dey face kin sho see ghoses.[4] Deah's mo dan one kine uh ghos. Some come befo yuh natchul an pleasant; den some kin sho make yuh sked.
787 I kin tell long fo anyting happen wen it gwine happen.

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* *Mary Hunter, 548 East St. Julian Street.*

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OLD FORT

787 Nuttn ebuh happen tuh me widout me knowin it long fo it come." [22a, *]

301 751 ●(115) Another old woman * can recall when her slave mother used to carry her on her back to the spring on their plantation. This woman wears large earrings of gold which she has worn since her mother pierced her ears in childhood. Each wrist is encircled by a band of copper wire. She smiled and inadvertently touched the wire as she explained its presence.

"Ef yuh wuks hahd aw does much washin, it heps duh nerbes." [8, 12]

754 At the mention of "cunjuh" the old woman lit her pipe, smiled pathetically, and shook her head. As the blue smoke curled upward, she told of having been conjured and of how it had changed her whole life in a few short weeks.

"Yeahs ago," she sighed, "I hab a huzbun wut treat me well an uh wuz libin good. Dis wuz jis fo muh twins wuz (845) bawn. Ise a twin too, an it sho is bad luck.[67] Deah wuz somebody wut want muh huzbun tuh leab me an go off wid um, so dey hab me fix.[15] Wen uh come home one day, I step in a hole by duh doe an deah wuz a bottle fix wid some tings in it. Right den an deah I took sech a misery in muh lef side an den uh swell up all obuh; muh hands wuz twice deah size.[8, 12, 15] I stay dataway till I fine out wut tuh do. Den I sprinkle black peppuh an potash in duh hole weah duh bottle wuz an it bile up. Den some friens wash me off in wiskey ebry day an soon uh wuz all right.[6] But wen duh twins wuz bawn duh boy twin hab a lill hole right in is lef side weah I hab duh misery frum duh fixin. He lib nine days fo he die."

"But the person did not succeed in getting your husband after all, did she?" we asked.

"Yes'm but she sho did. Whoebuh fix me fix muh huzbun too, cuz he go off an leab me an I know he ain nebuh done dat lessn he bin fix. Muh son die wen he wuz twenty-tree an

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* *Dye Williams, Old Fort.*

754 anybody dies roun heah, some root wukuh is responsible fuh
the death.[15, 69b] Now, me, I don't believe people kin put
sumpm unduh steps aw unduh yuh house that will hahm yuh.
Some time ago my son, my only chile, wuz drownded. Well
[761] every time I tun roun some of my neighbuhs wuz tellin me
my son's death wuzn't fair. They say 'somebody hoodood
yuh chile an cause him tuh git drownded.' "

787 She hastened to add, however, that she did believe "fuh
sho" in some signs and omens, concerning which she has been
"plenty sperienced."

787 "Take fuh instance," she explained, "ef I staht out an
have tuh tun back, I know it's bad luck less I makes a cross
777 mahk an spits in it. I try tuh keep a woman frum bein the
[574] fust pusson tuh come tuh my house on Monday mawnin even
ef I have tuh call in a man passin by. Fuh a woman tuh be
yuh fust visituh on Monday mawnin means bad luck the balance
of that week. I won't borruh aw len salt, fuh my
mothuh alluz said it wuz bad luck. I believe in all the ole
signs I ebuh heahd my parents talk bout. I wouldn't sweep
trash out of the house aftuh dahk fuh anything cuz it'll
sweep yuh luck away. Nevuh shake a tablecloth out duh
doe aftuh dahk cause it means the death of yuh kin. Nevuh
sew aw make a piece fuh a sick pusson aw that pusson will
787 die.[40] An dreams, I sho do believe in em. Jis fo my son wuz
drownded I suttnly have a dream that mean a death in the
fambly."

775 The next person * we interviewed several blocks away expressed
an absolute faith in the return of the dead in various
[115] shapes. This was a man, who spoke with great earnestness
of two experiences he had undergone, one with spirits, the
[845] other with a witch. He, too, had been born with a caul.[4]

775 "Muh fus time tuh see a ghos wuz in a rainstawm. Me an
muh brudduh wuz caught, so we run tuh a ole vacant house
787 an soons we git inside, duh doe slam shut. We tought it wuz

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* *S. B. Holmes, 716 East Perry Street.*

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775 duh win, but wen uh look roun deah wuz standin in duh
787 cawnuh two men wid no head. I tought muh brudduh see em too. Wen duh rain stop, we lef. Muh brudduh didn say nuttn, so I say, 'Did you see dem mens in dat house?' He say, 'No, wut mens?' Wen I tole im, he tought I bin crazy. But lots uh time attuh dat I seen ghos." He folded his lips and nodded sagely.

754 "Now bout witches. Yuh know ghos an witches is diffunt. Witches is libin people an ghos is spirits uh duh dead. I
(775) know a ole uhmun ebrybody say wuz a witch. Well, bery soon she wuz ridin me.[67] I could eben see uh come. Duh winduh—it would go up, an den uh would begin tuh choke an smudduh till somebody wake me up. I git reel tin an po. Den cross duh street wuz a man wich wuz complainin bout his wife bein rid by a witch. It seem lak duh witch would ride me, den go obuh tuh his house. So he say he would trap uh. He stay up. When he heah his wife strugglin, he git a axe hanl an begin frailin roun in duh dahk till he hit sumpm. It let out a screech an a cat run out duh winduh an down duh paat. So duh nex mawnin duh man git his dog an put im on duh cat's trail.[68] Well, suh, bout half a mile down duh road in duh fence cawnuh wuz ole Malinda Edmonde wid tree rib broke. She beg im not tuh kill uh, but dat broke up duh witch ridin."

347 Further verification of the belief in the existence of spirits
and witches was given us by Jack Wilson * who operates a
(754) small junk shop in the vicinity. We visited the elderly Ne-
(775) gro in his residence and place of business, a small, queerly
(115) shaped shack that entirely blocks the narrow lane on which it stands. The lodging is hardly more than a shelter made by driving several long poles into the ground, suspending on these a frame-work of rope and wire, and piling on this foundation pieces of tin, iron, cardboard, and other junk. A small opening left at each end reveals on the inside no furni-

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* *Jack Wilson, 272 McAlister Street.*

361 green corn grow tall, and sweet potato and pumpkin vines
137 wander at random. The rusty little huts are built of scrap
tin, bits of cast-off shed roof, salvagings from automobile
342 junk yards, even discarded signs advertising soft drinks or
headache tablets. Each house is surrounded by a garden,
351 fenced either with uneven poles driven into the earth or with
ingenious odds and ends of junk. Now and then through
the coils of an old bed spring that serves as a fence a wild
morning glory vine climbs riotously, or beside a wall hangs
a yellow gourd effectively decorative above a row of
"greens."

Two men claim the mayoralty of the settlement. One,
632 through natural ability, has held the office almost from the
115 founding of the town. The other, settling later, simply announced that he was mayor. Both officials have a following of political supporters.

Nathaniel John Lewis,* the first mayor, has a neat little one-room dwelling behind a board fence. As he politely apologized for not being at his best, a certain amount of schooling was evident in his speech, which was extremely soft, slow, and careful. He smiled with grim amusement when we asked if he knew anything about conjure or spells.

754 "Cunjuh?" he repeated. "That's what is wrong with this
ahm of mine. As I sit heah, I know that my enemy brought about this affliction.[15] One night two, three yeahs ago, I put out my hand to open my gate. Pain went into my palm jus like stabbin with a shahp needle. This ahm has been no use since then."

"Perhaps it is rheumatism?" we suggested.

"No, sir. It isn't. I know. An cunjuh must be fought with cunjuh.[6] If I know my enemy's name I could get somethin frum a cunjuh doctuh to help me seek revenge. But I am helpless."

"What would the doctor do about it?" we asked.

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* *Nathaniel John Lewis, Tin City.*

342 with a rickety chimney sending up smoke from the roof.

From the doorway of one of the little tin houses, two heads
peered out curiously at us. We stopped and talked for a
• 115 few minutes with Paul Singleton * and his wife.

The old man told us that he had been born during slavery times on a plantation near Darien. His master had owned about thirty-five plantations in the vicinity. He added that he had been brought to Savannah in 1869.

"Muh daddy use tuh tell me all duh time bout folks wut
789 could fly back tuh Africa. Dey could take wing an jis fly
off," he confided. "Lots uh time he tell me annudduh story
775 bout a slabe ship bout tuh be caught by revenoo boat. Duh
slabe ship slip tru back ribbuh intuh creek. Deah wuz bout
fifty slabes on bode. Duh slabe runnuhs tie rocks roun duh
slabes' necks and tro um ovuhbode tuh drown. Dey say
yuh kin heah um moanin an groanin in duh creek ef yuh goes
neah deah tuh-day.

775 "I bin seein ghos all muh life.[59] One time a ghos try tuh
789 skeah me an uh git mad and den he leab me. Muh fus wife
is dead, an muh second wife heah kin see uh come roun mos
any time. She kin see any uh duh kin folks wut dead.

"Ef I goes tuh duh cimiterry at twelve o'clock at night I kin see any one uh duh dead folks standin at duh head bode uh deah grabe. Den dey settle down an disappeah."

754 Mose Brown ** who lived near by told us, "I bin rid by
witches [69] an seed a thousandn mo ghos.[59] I see um mos any
787 time. Dey jis float long bout two feet frum duh groun.
Sometime dey come in a wirlwin.

787 "One day at duh rosin yahd deah come up a wirlwin. I
see a big wite man in it. I show im tuh duh udduh men but
(845) dey dohn see im. I kin see im cuz uh wuz bawn wid a double
caul [4] an foot foemos. Dat gib yuh duh powuh tuh see um.
(775) A ghos come heah ebry night an peep in duh soouh obuh

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* *Paul Singleton, Tin City.*
** *Mose Brown, Tin City.*

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775 deah. He look in duh soouh, walk tuh duh cawnuh, an den
787 disappeah. Any night I'm on dis stoop I kin see im.

"My gran use tuh tell me bout folks flyin back tuh Africa.
789 A man an his wife wuz brung frum Africa. Wen dey fine
out dey wuz slabes an got treat so hahd, dey jis fret an fret.
One day dey wuz standin wid some udduh slabes an all ub a
sudden dey say, 'We gwine back tuh Africa. So goodie
bye, goodie bye.' Den dey flied right out uh sight."

"No, I nebuh see no ghos, but uh kin feel em," [59] said an-
775 other resident of the community. This was Emma Monroe,*
787 an elderly woman who had formerly been a slave on a planta-
• (115) tion known as Wilton Bluff Plantation. "Wen a ghos is
roun muh haiah rise up on muh head an sumpm tech me an
uh feel strange all tru. It's duh same wen witches is roun.
Deah's plenty folks roun yuh duh witches ride.[69] Dey kin
git in yuh house nebuh mine how yuh shut up.

"Duh ole folks use tuh tell us chillun duh story bout people
789 dat flied off tuh Africa.[69c] I blieb um bout flyin. Some
754 folks kin wuk roots too. Dey hab duh powuh tuh lay down
sumpm tuh hahm yuh,[15] an udduhs hab duh powuh tuh moob
wut dey done put down fuh yuh.[6] I ain nebuh bin rooted
yit, cuz I stay way frum sech people.

"One ting I do blieb in is signs. Ef yuh watch signs, dey
787 alluz mean good aw bad luck tuh yuh. Ef muh lef eye jump,
(826) I kin look fuh bad nooz, and ef muh right eye jump, I kin
look fuh good nooz. Same ting wen yuh han itch. Yuh lef
han mean yuh gwine tuh git a piece uh money; yuh right
han say yuh gwine shake hans wid a strainjuh. Wen yuh
foot itch, yuh gwine tuh walk on strange lan aw go tuh duh
grabeyahd. Dogs an chickens an buds all make signs dat
(825) mean sumpm. Ef somebody is comin, a roostuh come right
up tuh duh doe an crow. Ef a dog sets up a howlin, some-
(763) body in duh neighbuhhood gwine die. A screech owl
screechin roun tells yuh somebody neah by gwine die." [44]

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* *Emma Monroe, Tin City.*

TIN CITY

754 Christine Nelson,* a middle-aged Negro woman, admitted
[115] that she, too, believed in witches and ghosts and that she
knew there was a good deal of conjuring going on in the neighborhood.[15]

"Cunjuh is magic some folks is bawn wid," she explained. "It gibs um powuh obuh tings udduh folks dohn unnuhstan.[32a, c] Dey kin wuk dat powuh fuh good aw bad. Dey kin put spells on yuh an lif duh spell some udduh root wukuh hab put on yuh.[6] Ef a root wukuh break yuh spirit, he kin hanl yuh lak he want tuh. A witch is a cunjuh man dat somebody paid tuh tawment yuh. I know uh folks dat wuz rid so much by witches dat dey jis pine way an die."[69b]

[115] The case of a man who had been conjured was described
to us by James Moore.** "He jis mope roun—couldn git spirit nuff tuh wuk. Den all ub a sudden he swell up an duh doctuhs couldn tell wut ail im. We tink he gonuh die.[15] Den
754 long come a man we call Professuh.[48] He say ef we kin git
755 any money he kin lif duh spell.[6] We git some money tuhgedduh and he go out in duh stable an wen he come back he hab a lill black sack. He say dis hab duh cunjuh in it.[8a, b] Den he bile up some mullen leaves and bathe muh frien in um. He tell us tuh keep on doin dis. In two weeks duh swellin
754 go down an he all right. Deah's root men wukin gense yuh all duh time. Dey kin lay tings down fuh yuh an ef yuh walk obuh dis, yuh fall unduh duh spell. Less yuh kin fine somebody else wut kin wuk roots an kin lif duh spell,[6] yuh is doomed.

787 "I kin see duh spirits uh people fo dey die.[59a] Duh spirit
774 is most lak duh natchul pusson but wen I see it I know dat
duh pusson will soon die. Attuh a pusson die, I see duh
763 ghos [56] an sometime dey is lak animals,[54] and den agen lak
775 people, jis floatin long lak a piece uh papuh in duh win.
Sometime dey hab no head aw feet an dey's alluz dressed in wite.

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* *Christine Nelson, Tin City.*

** *James Moore, Tin City.*

754 "Witches done ride me plenty times.[69] I spicioned who
dey wuz but nebuh could ketch one. Dey alluz tun out tuh
be somebody right in yuh neighbuhhood. Yuh kin keep em
[789] away by puttin sulphuh roun yuh house aw by placin a knife
aw a Bible unduh yuh pilluh.

789 "Deah's lots uh strange tings dat happen. I seen folks
disappeah right fo muh eyes. Jis go right out uh sight.
Dey do say dat people brought frum Africa in slabery times
could disappeah an fly right back tuh Africa. Frum duh
tings I see mysef I blieb dat dey could do dis."

763 Ozie Cohen * said that he too saw the spirits of people
just before they were about to die.[59a] He told us, "Not long
774 ago a frien uh mine wuz sick. Duh night befo he die I see
787 his spirit floatin long befo me in duh street. Duh nex day
● [115] he pass away. Eben aftuh some uh muh friens die, I see
deah spirits nuff tuh know em.[56]

776 "Hags worry me too. I see um slide in frum noweah. I
try tuh call out, den all at once I'm hepless an strugglin.[69]
789 Ef I membuh tuh put a Bible unduh muh pilluh, dey dohn
bodduh me.

789 "I hab heahd duh story bout folks flyin back tuh Africa.
I tink it mus be true wen I tink bout how witches kin come
754 tru a keyhole tuhday.[69c]

754 "Yuh heah lots bout roots an fixin.[15] Folks is alluz sayin
somebody bin rooted mos anytime somebody git sick fuh a
long spell. Den yuh heah dem sayin, duh sickness ain feah.
Dey bin rooted."

632 Down one long lane and up another we came upon the two
or three-room dwelling of the second mayor, George Boddi-
115 son,** built on the banks of the old rice canal. Boddison
came out of his home to meet us. His wrists and arms were
(301) encircled by copper wire strung with good luck charms; [8] his
[789] fingers were covered with several large plain rings. A cop-

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* *Ozie Cohen, Tin City.*
** *George Boddison, Tin City.*

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632 per wire was bound around his head and attached to this wire
[301] were two broken bits of mirror which, lying flat against his temples with the reflecting side out, flashed and glittered when he moved his head.

"Yes, Ise duh mayuh," he admitted. He was reluctant to talk of what he termed "mysterious tings uh duh elements." But after a few minutes' conversation, he told us that he believed there was "sumpm" to certain beliefs and superstitions.

777 "I hab a deep suspicious mine dat way muhsef. I know deah is luck an unluck an some people kin wuk it. It's a science in mos ebryting dey does. Dey kin swap yuh frum good luck place tuh bad luck place."[15]

754 "Has anyone tried to harm you?"

"Yes, dat dey hab." He smiled at this, and we saw that a brass ring had been inserted in his mouth in the place of a lower jaw tooth. "Some days I feel lak uh jis caahn make it. It seem lak sumpm hab a holt on me an uh caahn wuk. Den I know strong currents is directed tuh do me ebil. If dey res on me, uh would be sick, maybe die. But deze dat I
[301] weahs," indicating the copper wire, the mirrors, and the other
[789] charms, "keeps all deze tings frum huttn me. Duh ebil caahn dwell on me. It hab tuh pass on.[12a, c, d]

"Many tings kin be done tuh cause people hahm aw make em disability," he went on. "Dis is wut I hab confidence in. A pusson kin take sech as a cat aw dog aw a lizud, sech creatures as libin. Dey kin kill dis animal an dey hab some way tuh cause its spirit tuh be ebil. Dis spirit moobs on currents tuh somebody duh pusson do not lak an is so powuhful dat it cause eben duh flesh tuh rot.[5]

"So I weahs deze," he ended. "Long as I weahs em deah is nuttn kin do me reel hahm."[8]

When we thanked him, he did not smile but only bowed his head. To the end of the interview he kept his dignified and serious demeanor.

115 As we drove away, he stood there before his little house with the tall butterbean vine covered fence encircling it and the wild greenness of uncultivated fields growing all around. The last glimpse we had was of the fragments of mirror bound to his head glittering in the sun.

115 Eighty-year old Martha Page,* a small and frail woman, remembers her African grandfather and the strange "talk he use tuh make wid two udduh slabes on duh plantation."

"Wen dey git tuh gabbin, yuh couldn unnuhstan a wud
dey say," Martha informed us. "Muh gran sho hab funny
(226) name fuh call ting, too. He lub tuh hunt an fish an he use
tuh hab a lill piece uh wood wid a string on each en tuh kill
(224) squhrel an hawk wid. He call it he 'wah-hoo bahk.' Some-
(533) time he use tuh sing a song das staht off like dis, 'Dody boda
do dandy.' He say it mean, 'We come fuh make waw tuhday.'"

754 "Did your gran tell you about magic and conjure?" we asked.

789 "Dat he did. I sho wuz sked ub im wen he use tuh talk bout dem ting he people in Africa could do.[15, 22a, c, 48] Some ub em could make yuh disappeah, he say, an some could fly all roun duh elements an make yuh do anyting dey wants yuh tuh do. Wen I growd up, I discobuh dat plenty uh duh tings gran tell me is sho nuff true."

"You've had personal experiences?" we queried hopefully.

"Me an muh sistuh bote. Witches use tuh ride uh regluh till it seem she gwine swivel away an die.[69] One day a man tell uh tuh tro salt on duh bed an no witch would bodduh uh. So dat ebenin muh sistuh sprinkle a heap uh salt on uh cubbuh.[69a] Soon attuh we git tuh bed, I seen a cat come [68] right in duh doe an look me in duh eye. I try tuh holluh but uh couldn make a soun. Nex ting I know sistuh wuz poin watuh in muh face.

"I dohn take tuh witches," said Martha Page. "I dohn
(845) mine ghos, cuz I caahn see em as I wuzn bawn wid a caul.[4]
But I dohn want no mo sperience wid witches. Das wy uh
sprinkle salt down ebry night uh muh life."

The broom precaution against witches is also believed in

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* *Martha Page, 606 Zubly Street.*

754 789 among Yamacraw residents. Martha Major,* aged sixty, related to us the time a witch had "worried" her.[69] She was alone in a basement in an empty house, as the landlady was out of the city. No sooner had she gone to bed than she heard "sumpm comin down duh steps."

"It jump on me," she declared, "an it choke me neah tuh det. But I knowd who it wuz. She come tuh see me duh bery nex day but she ain nebuh been back sence, cuz I put a bruhm by duh bed."

115 754 We noticed that as Martha Major had risen from her chair in excitement over her story, she had exhibited a slight limp.

"Have you hurt your foot?" we asked.

"Oh, it mos well. Mos all duh wuhrums done crawl out now." [5, 5c]

"Worms?"

At our astonishment she was instantly on guard.

"Muh foot all right," she said crossly, but her brown face was a mask of brooding. Finally she volunteered the information that she had been conjured the previous October, almost six months past.[15]

754 "I dohn know who done it, but all ub a sudden muh leg begin tuh swell an swell. I call a regluh doctuh, but he didn seem tuh do no good; so tree weeks ago I went tuh a root man.[48] He gimme sumpm tuh take an sumpm tuh put in muh bed.[6] In a few days knots come out all obuh muh leg an wuhrums staht tuh crawl out. Only one knot lef. I guess I soon be well."

115 Out beyond Yamacraw, where the old brick and dirt streets of the community give way to the broad, paved Augusta road, an old Negro named James Cooper has for years conducted a miscellaneous business in a ramshackle push cart.** James sells lunches to the workers at the Savannah Sugar

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Martha Major, 548 West York Street.

*** James Cooper, Port Wentworth.*

115 Refinery; he also cobbles shoes and repairs anything from broken pots to roller skates. Because of his skill as a wood (322) carver, particularly of walking sticks, he has become known in the vicinity as "Stick Daddy." A decidedly original technique is evident in his carving, but he smiled when this was mentioned.

322 "I nevuh bin taught," he said. "I took up cahvin as paht time jis fuh the fun of it. Muh granfathuh, Pharo Cooper, he used tuh make things frum wood an straw, sech as baskets an cheahs an tables an othuh things fuh the home. I guess I sawt of inherited it frum him."

322 532 One of "Stick Daddy's" canes is a slender, snake-encircled rod with a handle made from a large black and white die. Another, slightly thicker, is carved with a single crocodile. The third, a heavy stick topped with a flashlight handle in which the snapshot of a young Negro girl has been inserted, is artfully decorated with a turtle, a large crocodile, and a small, sinuous snake (Plate IIIb).[A] The chief characteristic of "Stick Daddy's" work is the boldness with which the carved figures, dark-stained and highly polished, stand out against their unfinished natural wood background. Very different is another stick that was found abandoned in an office building in the city. This has a man's head for a handle but the stick proper is so covered with minute, unpatterned crisscrosses that the little figure of a man upside down, a horned head also upside down, and an undetermined object which may be either man or animal, are noticed only when the cane is carefully studied.

757 "Stick Daddy," besides being a general repair man and carver, knows a few "sho cuos" for illnesses.

"I kin make a sho cuo fuh chills an fevuh. Yuh take some cawn fodduh an boil it an make a tea. Yuh drink some an bathe in some an yuh'll git well soon. Fuh a cold yuh git some life-evuh-lastin and make a tea tuh drink, aw git some Jack-O."

A. [See Category 322, plate following p. xxxii-C--Analyst]

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757 We asked about roots.

"I dohn believe in them things," asserted "Stick Daddy." "I dohn believe in nuthin like that. It's too dangerous. But 787 I do believe in some signs. Yuh watch em and yuh'll see that they dohn nevuh fail. If somebody borruh salt frum yuh, 'tis not wise tuh accept it back; 'twill cause trouble. If yuh throw out stove an chimney cleanin aftuh sundown, 'tis sho death."

•115 754 Fred Jones,* a tall Negro of nearly eighty, with brown complexion and piercing eyes, sternly forbade us to discuss conjure.

754 "Dohn yuh know," fearfully, "dat yuh might bring trouble on yuhsef? Das ting ain nobody ought tuh mess wid."

"How do you know that?"

"Ain no mattuh how come I knows. I seen it. I seen pusson wid duh powuh tuh tun hesef intuh any shape he got a mine tuh.[68] Dey kin cause yuh plenty trouble an duh only ting kin sabe yuh is tuh git tuh a root man on time."[6,48]

Our surprise and interest drew him in spite of his fears to speak in a low voice of several instances where he had seen conjure working.

"Deah wuz a man wid duh powuh.[48] He draw a ring roun anudduh man an dat man couldn git out dat ring till duh root man come an wave tuh um. Den deah wuz a uhmun done up so bad by somebody dat ants wuz crawlin out tru [828] uh skin.[56] Wenebuh a pusson go crazy, wut is dat but cunjuh?[15]

"I dohn lak tuh talk bout muhsef, but I caahn nebuh fuhgit duh time I hab a dose put on me by a uhmun uh didn lak. I wuz a good frien ub uh huzbun an she didn lak fuh us tuh go out tuhgedduh; so she tole me not tuh come tuh uh house no mo. I ain pay no tention. Well, suh, duh nex night soon as uh laid down, uh feel muhsef swoon. Ebry night it happen. Dis ting keep up till uh git sick. I couldn eat an jis

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* *Fred Jones, 607 West Congress Street.*

754 git tuh pinin way.[15] Duh doctuh he caahn hep me none. Finally I went tuh a root man.[48] He say right off somebody done gib me a dose. He say 'I'll be roun tuhnight. Git some money tuhgedduh cuz I caahn do yuh no good less yuh staht off wid some silbuh.'

754 "Wen he come dat night an git duh silbuh, he look all roun
duh house an den dig a hole unduh duh doe step. Deah he
755 fine a bottle. He tro it in duh fyuh an holluh, 'Git gone,
yuh debil.' Attuh dat I git bettuh, but I ain nebuh bin tuh
dat uhmun's house since. An I dohn lak tuh talk about it."

• 115 Another octogenarian, Thomas Smith,[*] told us that the
same magic power that Moses had used when he turned his
789 rod to a snake before Pharoah still exists today among
Negroes.

789 "Dat happen in Africa duh Bible say. Ain dat show dat Africa wuz a lan uh magic powuh since duh beginnin uh histry? Well den, duh descendants ub Africans hab duh same gif tuh do unnatchul ting. Ise heahd duh story uh duh flyin Africans [69c] an I sho belieb it happen. I know doze wut could make a pot bile widout fyuh. Jis sit it anyweah on duh flo aw in duh yahd an bile deah meals. Dey could make a buzzud row a boat an hab a crow fuh pilot.

"Long yeahs ago deah wuz a cunjuh man wut could git yuh out uh jail by magic. A frien uh mine at Hilton Head git rested fuh stealin. He sen fuh duh cunjuh man [48] an duh man say, 'Dohn worry. Duh jedge gwine tun yuh loose.' Wen duh hour uh duh trial come, duh cunjuh man tell me, 'See dat bud on duh cote house? I sen im up deah. Deah wohn be no trial.' Sho nuff, wen duh case wuz call fuh, duh jedge git tuh suchin roun tuhnin up ebryting tuh fine duh chahge gense muh frien. Attuh wile he git disgusted an tell duh cote, 'Case dismissed. I caahn fine duh papuhs.' Wen we git outside duh bud done fly away."

(115) Thomas Smith's reference to flying Africans caused us to

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[*] *Thomas Smith, 37 Ann Street.*

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789 (115) mention this story to Carrie Hamilton,* whom we next visited.

"I hab heah uh dem people," said this seventy year old woman, who has the tall, heavy frame of a plantation hoe hand. "Muh mudduh use tuh tell me bout em wen we set in duh city mahket sellin vegetubbles an fruit. She say dat deah wuz a man an he wife an dey git fooled abode a slabe ship. Fus ting dey know dey wuz sole tuh a plantuh on St. Helena. So one day wen all duh slabes wuz tuhgedduh, dis man an he wife say, 'We gwine back home, goodie bye, goodie bye,' an jis like a bud dey flew out uh sight.[59c]

(845) 775 "Muh mudduh use tuh tell me all kine uh ting cuz I wuz bawn wid a caul[4] an wuz diffrunt frum duh res. Ebry now an den I see ghos. Dey hab all kine uh shape, sometime no head, sometime no feet, jis floatin by.[59a] Dey is duh spirits uh duh dead, but ef yuh dohn meddle in deah business, dey ain gwine meddle in yoze."

178 Not only among these older Yamacraw Negroes but among younger residents we found a solid background of ancestral beliefs and practices, for here little of modern progress has touched the dirt streets, pebbly walks, and tumble down houses of another day.

754 (593) (115) Ellen Dorsey,** forty years old, born in Savannah, gave us a detailed description of the conjure her husband put on her. "Me an him couldn git long so I lef im. He went tuh a root doctuh[48] fuh him tuh make me come back home. Den duh root doctuh put me down sick so duh wite people I wuz wukin fuh would dischahge me. I had pains runnin up an down muh whole body, an I knowed I wuz cunjuhed but uh wouldn gib in.[15] 754 755 I call me in a man who use tuh try tuh sell me a han tuh wawd off cunjuh.[12a, c, d] He rub muh legs down twice a day, an one mawnin a big black snake run outuh muh big toe.[50] 'Deah goes duh devil,' say duh root man, an frum

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* *Carrie Hamilton, 530 West President Street.*

** *Ellen Dorsey, 515 West Congress Street.*

754 755 den on I git bettuh. A cousin uh mine git a dose once an wen duh root doctuh rub uh all ovuh wid a cleah liquid, bugs begin crawlin out of uh skin.[5, 15] Duh doctuh say if she had wait one mo day it would uh bin too late."

754 "Did your husband ever try any more conjure on you?" She laughed with great amusement. "He sho did. He went tuh duh same man dat cuo me an give him thutty dolluhs tuh make me go back tuh him. One Sunday attuh chuch wen I ain had thought of evuh livin wid muh huzbun agen, I walked out duh chuch straight tuh muh huzbun's house. An dis happen," concluded Ellen, "widout duh root man evuh seein me. I didn know nuthin bout it till long attuh we wuz reconcile."

•115 Evans Brown * is only fifty years old. To see him going daily about his duties as janitor of the West Broad Street Negro School, no one would suspect unusual powers at work beneath his good-natured exterior. Yet he not only said that he believed absolutely in the supernatural but proudly asserted that he could work magic himself.

775 787 "It come natchul tuh me, duh powuh tuh do suttn ting. Since I wuz lill I could see ghos, sometime two feet off duh groun, sometime walkin. Wen muh haiah rise on en an hot eah pass muh face, I tun roun an deah's alluz a ghos. Lots uh time it's duh spirit ub a frien. Many wintuh mawnins wen I go tuh school early tuh make fyuhs, uh heah doze open an shut an den uh see duh ghos dat do it.[59]

754 "I didn know I hab powuh tuh do tings till muh mudduh wuz fixed. Yuh know, a man kin fix a dose fuh a suttn pusson an only dat pusson will git caught. Fo women wuz in duh house wid muh mudduh, but duh doe knob wuz dressed fuh huh. All dem women pass out befo she did, all tuhnin duh knob. But wen she come out, a pain strik uh in duh side. We hab doctuhs but nuttn done no good. Uh whole side tun black an she die.[15]

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* *Evans Brown, West Broad Street School.*

Frogtown and Currytown

361 WITHIN THE WESTERN LIMITS OF SAVANNAH ARE
Frogtown and Currytown, through which flows Musgrove
133 Creek, narrow and sluggish, on its way from "Big Ogeechee"
to the red Savannah River. These are two poor communi-
(342) ties, as can be seen from the paintless little houses on dirt
(363) streets that often lack sidewalks. With the canal cutting
the center of the district, there is scant space for gardens;
(351) but in spite of this, there are small patches of earth green
with collards and turnips, and almost every "stoop" is decorated with a row of plants in tins of assorted dimensions.

887 During week days, with many persons away at work in
other sections of the city, it is mostly the old who are found at home. Grandmothers and grandfathers "mind" the small children while the mothers work out.

One old woman, Anna Miller,* had lived most of her youth
•115 on a Butler Island plantation, where some of the older workers had occupied the same cabins given to them before emancipation.

"Sebral uh dem hans wuz bery ole people," said Anna Miller. "Dey speak a funny language an none uh duh res ub us couldn hahdly unuhstan a wud dey say. Dey hab special name fuh all kine uh ting, but duh only ting I kin membuh is dat dey call a watuh bucket a 'juba haltuh'."

262 We found here, too, that in certain households certain foods are considered to bring bad luck.

777 "I dohn eat peanuts," Millie McKen ** told us, "an I dohn let a soul in muh fambly eat em."

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* *Anna Miller, 1018 Cuyler Street, Currytown.*

** *Millie McKen, 409 West Duffy Street, Currytown.*

262 "Can you tell us why?" we queried, but she only shook her
777 head.

"All I know is dat dey's bad luck. I foun dat out, an I wohn leh one come in muh house."

412 Handicraft objects in this section were more numerous
than in many of the other communities. We found a most
unusual brush * made from the palmetto.[45a] It was about
[824] four inches in length and two inches wide; both bristles and
back had been made from a single piece of the rough fiber
of the palmetto bark, spliced into splinters on one surface to
form the bristles.

322 The work of two wood carvers was brought to our atten-
tion. One of the carvers ** made a specialty of small wooden
532 figures (Plate Ia, Ib). A He showed us several full length
human figures, two or three busts mounted on square blocks
of wood, and two oddly shaped objects, each with mask-like
features carved on one surface.[41i] When we remarked on the
originality of his work and its symmetry of design, he said
simply, "I jis picked it up wen I wuzn wukin."

The other carver † had made several nondescript figures, but we were chiefly interested in two linked wooden chains (Plate Ia). A One of these, which had an attached box with a ball enclosed, was similar to a chain previously shown us by another man in the community. Each man had cut his chain with all its details from a single block of wood.[70f, h]

In Frogtown and Currytown there is intense interest
754 shown in witches, spirits, and conjure. Personal experiences
775 were related to us by several old residents, who had come in
contact with supernatural elements.

775 Old Henry Gamble ‡ told us that he has been accustomed
to "seein tings" since childhood. Particularly on rainy
• (115) nights ghosts appear to him. He said, "Sometimes dey float

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* *Made by and property of Professor Redmond, Park Avenue and West Broad Street, Currytown.*

** *Jerome Carter, 445 Jefferson Street, Frogtown.*

† *Preston Coleman, 532 Charles Street, Frogtown.*

‡ *Henry Gamble, 519 West Broad Street, Currytown.*

A, [See Category 322, plate following p. xxxii-A--Analyst]

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775 right at muh side.[50] Ise use tuh um now an it's jis lak
natchul people tuh me. Yuh kin skeah witches an ghos ef
[789] yuh make a cross mahk. Dis will stop um frum followin
yuh."

• [115] Seventy-five year old Henry Bates * readily acknowledged a belief in the supernatural. "I done seen all kine uh strange ting happen in muh lifetime. Yuh wahn me tuh tell yuh bout some uh dem ting, missus?

775 "One night I finished eatin dinnuh. Den I walk tuh duh
kitchen doe. I see a strange man comin down duh road; he
787 wuz twenty yahds away. I tun muh head tuh look in duh
house an wen uh look back he done disappeahed. I know he
mustuh been a ghos.[50]

"Anudduh time I heah a knock on duh doe. I heah it tree
776 times. Bam! Bam! Bam! Wen muh dog heah dat knock,
787 he holluh lak he wuz sked tuh det. I git up an go tuh duh
doe an muh haiah riz up on muh head. Wen uh gits tuh duh
doe, uh see sumpm as big as a cow, only it look lak a dog.[54]
Den it vanish lak a shadduh.

"One night muh wife an me git ready tuh go tuh bed.
754 We fasten duh doe an winduh. Attuh a time we heah a
787 noise. Den we heah a click. Duh winduh come open jis lak
somebody open it. I strike a match an uh see a big yulluh
cat walkin long side duh bed. It hab a face jis lak a pusson.
It go right out duh winduh.

"I fine out latuh dat duh cat wuz a witch.[68] Witches is
jis livin people wut bin sole tuh duh debil. Lots uh nights I
kin feel em ridin me. Jis duh udduh day I wuz sittin in a
[776] cheah an I dozed off tuh sleep. All at once a hag jump on
me an staht ridin me.[69]

789 "Wen I wuz a boy I heah lots uh stories bout people flyin. Some folks brung obuh frum Africa could fly off aw disappeah anytime dey wanted tuh. I alluz belieb dat story.

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* *Henry Bates, 1118 West Waldbury Street, Currytown.*

FROGTOWN AND CURRYTOWN

791 I know folks right now dat kin make duh spirits uh dead
(775) people come back.[56]

"Wen I wuz jis growin up I knowd a boy dat hab a strange powuh. Eben ef he wuzn wid duh udduh boys he could tell each one wut he bin doin.[22a, *] One day attuh we grown up he say dat he could bring back folks dat hab lef town an gone away.

791 "Now deah wuz a uhmun whose huzbun hab lef uh. Dis
uhmun wuz jis frettin uhsef tuh det. Muh frien go tuh uh
789 an say, 'I will cause yuh huzbun tuh come back tuh yuh. I
will chahge yuh ten dolluhs. Yuh needn pay me till he come back, but ef yuh dohn pay me den, he wohn stay.'

"In a week's time duh uhmun's huzbun wuz back. He stay home till he die. Duh uhmun pay muh frien in piece payments till she pay im duh ten dolluhs."

Living in a dirt lane on the fringe of Currytown is Chloe
•115 West * who was born at White Bluff and cannot remember
(775) her exact age. She told us that she frequently sees ghosts [56]
and that a spirit warns her when anything out of the ordi-
(787) nary is about to happen.[22a, *]

"One time I wuz bodduhed by duh folks nex doe wut wuz
754 tryin tuh cunjuh me. Somebody tell me tuh git some hot
775 watuh an tro it wen I heah duh noise. Jis as I git duh
watuh hot, duh spirit ub a wite uhmun I use tuh wuk fuh
787 peahed an tell me tuh pray an duh witches would go way.
755 Attuh she spoke, duh witches went out an nebuh did bodduh
me since. Duh witches wuz two men. One ub um went crazy an duh poeleece foun duh udduh one out in duh woods. He died in duh po house.

754 "One night I heah a noise at muh winduh. A voice say,
'Chloe, dohn go neah duh winduh.' I stop a minute, den uh go tuh duh winduh. Some kine uh powduh wuz trone in muh face dat bline me.[8b] Den duh voice tell me tuh wash muh

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* *Chloe West, 623 West Waldburg Lane.*

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754 face quick in karisene. I do dat an duh blineness leab me.

"Anudduh time duh uhmun wut lib nex doe want me tuh
moob an she git a cunjuh bag an bury it unduh muh step.[15]
Duh spirit wahn me agen an tell me a man would fine duh
cunjuh fuh me. Duh nex day Doctuh Johnson, a root
754 man,[48] come by. He say sumpm wuz laid down fuh me an
he would take it up fuh fifty cent. I paid him duh money.
755 He come back dat night, dig unduh muh steps, an take out a
bunl. It hab some dut an some haiah [10] an sulphuh in it.
Doctuh Johnson say it wuz grabe yahd dut.[9] Bin a long
time since I bin bodduhed but uh sho belieb in all dem tings.

"Duh fus time I ebuh see ghos wuz long yeahs back. Once
775 wen I wuz young an receivin compny, deah wuz two men
787 comin tuh see me. I lak one man duh bes an duh udduh man
wuz jealous. Well, duh jealous man die. Aftuh dat many
a time uh see a shadduh lak him come right up tuh muh doe
an disappeah. One night he come, stretch he ahm cross duh
doe, an say jis as plain as anyting in a big loud voice, 'Is
dat udduh man still comin roun yuh?' I wuz sked stiff."

754 D. C. Kelsey,* who has been blind for six years, told us
that conjure had caused the loss of his sight.

● (115) "An I ain had duh money tuh git nobody tuh tun dis ting
back on duh one dat put it on me," he complained.

He looked pleased when a piece of money was placed in
115 his hand. When we asked why he blew on the coin, he
789 smiled slowly. "Dat make me luck. It'll hep me tuh git mo.
Yuh know, a root man, he wohn take money out yuh han.
He tell yuh tuh put it on duh table aw duh shef."

We encouraged him to continue on the subject of root men.

754 "Dey kin fix yuh wid mos anyting," Kelsey said. "Duh
chinch bug is use a lot an Ise sked ub em. I wouldn put muh
(825) han on dem ting fuh ten dolluhs. I hab a sistuh name Ida
Walker wut wuz fix wid candy. She ate duh candy an den

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* *D. C. Kelsey, 521 West Gaston Street, Frogtown.*

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Springfield

361 ROWS OF FADED GREY HOUSES, HUDDLED CLOSE TOGETHER
gether and facing on narrow dirt lanes, house the population
of Springfield, a Negro community lying west of Savannah
near the city waterworks. In the neighborhood are several
[368] wooden churches of various denominations, a well constructed
modern brick school building, and a number of stores that
supply the six hundred odd Negroes of the community.

771 Many of the houses are shuttered, dim and quiet. So
somber an atmosphere prevails that it is easy to imagine the
[787] spectral figures that the Negroes claim they see wandering
at night along the twisting pathways. It is not surprising
to be told of the sinister powers which are constantly at work
and against which many inhabitants of this locality are always
on guard.

•115 A familiar figure in the neighborhood is James Washington,*
famed locally as a fortune teller and root doctor. I
[791] is said that Washington's patronage is growing steadily;
[759] [22a, e, 48] each day new clients visit his dilapidated house,
seeking advice or perhaps a cure for some puzzling ailment
that has descended upon them.

791 The consulting room is smoky, airless, and reeking with a
queer pungent odor. The shades are drawn down tightly,
347 and when a visitor is being given advice the door is shut securely
against intrusion. The furniture is scant, consisting
[352] of a lamp on a plain table, a couch for the visitor, and placed
directly across the room a wooden armchair in which sits the
353 dealer in magic. The most remarkable object in the room is

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* *James Washington, Springfield.*

754 •115 (291) (301) Her age was uncertain; she was gaunt and sickly in appearance. Her outfit consisted of a dull gray waist with a turban to match and a faded blue skirt. Large brass earrings dangled from her ears, making her lean face appear still more woebegone. Certainly there was something wrong with the woman, for she dragged listlessly with the effort of walking the short distance from the house.

We inquired about her health but when we asked about the "cunjuh" which had been put upon her, she looked at us distrustfully, saying, "Muh huzbun tell yuh bout dat." With that she left us abruptly.

(291) 754 (593) Soon the man * appeared, a bent figure in ragged blue overalls, with a battered felt hat on his grizzled head. Unlike his wife, Stephen Bryant was talkative and friendly, and he told us readily of his wife's strange predicament. "She wuz cunjuhed by uh own sistuh," he began. "Some days she all right an kin cook an clean up; den all at once tings git tuh runnin all obuh uh body.[5] Sometimes she fall down an hab tuh be put tuh bed."

We asked Stephen if he had consulted any root doctors [48] about his wife's condition and he said, "I hab monuh dozen root doctuhs tuh uh but dey dohn do uh no good. I keep on tryin an maybe some day I fine duh right un tuh reach duh cunjuh."

In this instance retribution seemed to have come swiftly, for Stephen told us that the sister who had caused the conjure was now "laid up uhsef wid cunjuh, fuh someone cas a spell on huh too."

787 775 776 When we asked Stephen if he believed in evil spirits, he nodded in affirmation. "I sees um all duh time," he said. "Dey is lill an wite an hab no head.[54, 55] Yuh nebuh see um till attuh duh sun gone down. Yuh dohn bodduh um none an dey leab yuh lone.

"Deah use tuh be a ole house right pas ours. Ebry night

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* *Stephen Bryant, Springfield.*

787 we would be woke up by a loud bangin noise. Ef we look
775 out duh winduh we could see dis spirit. He wuz alluz wanduhin roun. Ebry now an den he would tro a rock at a
776 ole gasoline tank an it would make dat noise we heah.[55] We alluz use tuh tink deah wuz buried treasure neah an dis spirit wuz gahdin it.[61] I nebuh did look fuh duh treasure, I dohn wahn tuh fool wid no spirits. Attuh a time dey tuk down duh house an duh spirit nebuh did come back no mo."

754 Another victim of conjure,* a Negro man of about eighty-eight, told us that although he did not usually believe
(115) superstitious tales, his own strange experience had forced him to realize that "folks kin fix yuh." "One time I fall
754 down sick frum a puhculeyuh disease. Nuttn didn do no good till uh hab a root uhmun come in. Right away she tell
755 me a enemy done put down a dose fuh me.[15] She say I wuz fined in fish. Well, den, she tell me tuh drink a haffuh pint uh wiskey and tro way duh udduh res uh duh pint. Attuh uh done dis, uh git well agen.[6]

754 "I knows a case uh fixin right now. It's a young man wut dohn lib fah frum yuh. He alluz complainin bout crickets crawlin unduh his skin an some uh duh neighbuhs say dey see um. I blieb dis mus be so cuz deah's a uhmun roun yuh wut kin make a han tuh put any kine uh insec in yuh body.[5] She kill duh insec an grine it tuh powduh an rub it on duh skin uh duh pusson aw gib it tuh um tuh drink. Wen it entuh duh body, it tun back intuh insec, sometime a lizud aw a frawg aw a snake."

791 The old man continued, "Ise had plenty sperience bout root wuk,[48] but I alluz try tuh keep way frum dat kine uh
759 folks. I membuh ole Doctuh Sheppard who use tuh oppurate yuh. He hab hunduds uh folks come tuh him day an night. He mustuh been bery good.

"Deah wuz a uhmun name Clara an she wuz good too. She use tuh ketch lots uh Doctuh Sheppard's customuhs. I

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* *Charles Singleton, Springfield.*

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754 789 good luck han tuh weah [6, 12a, c, d] so no udduh root wukuh could
hahm uh. Attuh dis duh ebil spell went away an duh woman
wuz cuod."

•115 One of the interesting characters of the section is Ellen
Jones,* better known as "Pipe Ellen" because of a very
evident liking for tobacco. The old woman, an ex-slave,
claims to be almost one hundred and twenty-two years old
and walks almost daily from Springfield to Savannah. Win-
[291] ter and summer, her frail figure is snugly buttoned into a
heavy top coat, so long that the hem trails on the ground.
On her white head she wears a dark wool skull cap.

754 "Pipe Ellen" told us that she firmly believed in conjure
and in proof of this she related the following instance:
"Right yuh in Savannah a uhmun wut claim tuh be muh
frien root-mahk me.[15] I ain fraid tuh tell uh name, cuz she
dead now. It wuz Flossie Hopkins.

"She fix me wid tuhbaccuh. Yuh see she knowed I lub
tuhbaccuh. She wuk a root on me so strong dat she put a
big snake in muh bed, an uh could feel tings moobin all tru
muh body. I could feel duh snake runnin all tru me.[5, 30]
Den I heah a noise an it keep on, so uh say tuh muhsef, 'A
snake is in yuh.' I git up an set duh lamp in duh middle uh
duh room. Duh snake show up. I close all duh cracks roun
duh house, so nuttn couldn git out.

"Nex ting I know dat uhmun wuz knockin at muh doe.
Wen I let uh in, she grab dat snake, tro it cross uh shoulduh
an walk out.

754 "Ef uh hadduh kill dat snake, a man tole me, it sho would
uh bin Flossie Hopkins. He tole me tuh git a box uh Debil
755 Lye. Denne dug unduh muh doe step an took a bunle uh
789 roots. Deah wuz red peppuh, an sulphuh, an salt, an some
udduh kine uh powduh. He sprinkle dis all roun duh place
an say I need nebuh be fraid cuz dis would kill any cunjuh
put down fuh me." [8]

754 During the course of an interview, which was held later

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* *Ellen Jones, rear 1304 Stiles Avenue.*

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793 unexpected honor overcomes the recipient to such an extent that she is seized with violent convulsions.

[786] Noticing that the hour is growing late, the Bishop abruptly ends his talk. There follows a prayer, led by one of [782] the deacons and chanted rather than spoken. At the end of [152] each line the man's voice catches on a high sob verging on hysteria, and those in the congregation murmur an almost inaudible echo of the speaker's plea. The other deacons join in the recital and in the wild sobbing. At the conclusion of the prayer a high pitch of excitement is reached.

It is now time for the Bishop to take leave of his flock. Slowly, reverently, his attendants bring him his top coat and high Stetson hat. From his pocket "Daddy" draws out [533] a large white handkerchief which he waves slowly in accompaniment to the closing hymn, a corrupt version of *Nearer My God To Thee*. The worshipers, too, wave their handkerchiefs in solemn tribute to their departing leader.

551 Shortly after a visit from the Bishop we pursued our course of research in Brownville. We found a number of people who had been named for week days or the month in [115] which they had been born. Thursday Jones,* when questioned about this particular custom, replied, "Dey name me dat way jis cuz uh happen tuh be bawn on Tursday, I guess. Sech tings seem tuh be in our fambly. I hab an uncle whose name is Monday Collins. It seem tuh come duh fus ting tuh folks' mine tuh name duh babies fuh duh day dey is bawn on."[20]

Another man ** told us, "We hab membuhs in our fambly name Monday, Friday, July an Augus. Dey jis didn tink ub any name tuh call em but duh day dey wuz bawn.[20] Deah wuz two brudduhs call July an Augus an deah two sons wuz name aftuh um. Some uh deze names go all duh way back tuh slabery time. Duh chillun jis name aftuh duh kin."

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* *Thursday Jones, Brownville.*

** *John Blackshear, 625 Grapevine Avenue.*

551 "Ise quainted wid two ole men, one call Uncle Friday, duh othuh Uncle July," was the statement of a third Brownville ●[115] resident.* "One wuz bawn on Good Friday an duh othuh on duh Foth uh July." [20]

262 We learned that certain foods are viewed with suspicion and are never eaten or allowed to be brought into the house.[65] The exact reason why these foods are forbidden was not explained to us. One woman said, "One ting I do lak is peanuts, but I dohn eat um. An I dohn let nobody [777] else eat um in muh house. I dohn know jis wy, but it bring bad luck all duh week." **

The palmetto tree, Robert McNichols † told us, supplies an edible substance in the form of palmetto cabbage taken from the center of the tree, about a foot below the top. This is the terminal bud of the tree, white in color, tender, and re- [252] sembling the ordinary northern cabbage. It may be eaten cooked or uncooked.[45a]

273 From the same tree a wine is made. We learned two different recipes for the preparation of this beverage. The wine is sometimes made from the cabbage, which when first cut contains a white sap. The chopped cabbage is put in a container where it is allowed to ferment, after which it is strained and sugar added.‡[45b] The wine may also be made from the dark blue palmetto berries. These are placed in a container until fermentation occurs after which the juice is extracted and sweetened. The wine is a clear dark brown and is said to have an excellent flavor. Incidentally, the 824 palmetto tree serves a variety of other purposes. Palmetto fibre is used in making baskets, rugs, bottle holders, and numerous other objects.[45]

285 322 Many of the Brownville residents are skilled in palmetto weaving and also in woodcarving. Walking sticks (Plate

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000 * *William Mikell, 616 West 32nd Street.*

** *Beatrice Ward, 832 West 35th Street.*

† *Robert McNichols, Brownville.*

‡ *Ibid.*

422 jects were old coins, a pistol, and a pocketbook made of shells
clamped together with metal bands. The most significant
[324] item, however, was a carved stone fig (Plate IIIc).A The
grainy texture and the slight splits in the skin had been ex-
[789] ecuted with great skill. The fig had been carried as a charm
by the old man's ancestor, but where this forebear had ob-
tained it we were unable to learn.[8, 32, 34c]

322 On the Ogeechee Road not far from Brownville we came in
contact with a Negro * whose favorite pastime was carv- B
532 ing.[70a-e] He showed us the figure of a man (Plate IVb), about twenty-seven inches high, with heavy shoulders and torso overbalancing the lower part of the figure. The head was large and square, the eyes were painted on roughly, and the nose and mouth were attached pieces of wood. A wooden crane and other birds carved by the same man bore a crude, primitive stamp.[70c, d, e]

•115 Near by on the Ogeechee Road we found Tony William
Delegal,** an old man (Plate VII),C well over one hundred
years old, who was formerly a slave of Major John Thomas, Harris Neck, plantation owner. His dark eyes are filmed, his once powerful shoulders are bent, but Uncle Tony can still recall incidents which took place during his childhood on
115 the plantation. Sitting on the front porch of his daughter's
house, he sang an African song to us. Unfortunately he did
533 not know the English translation. The old man sang the
song over and over and we were finally able to take down the
[539] following:

Wa kum kum munin
Kum baba yano
Lai lai tambe
Ashi boong a nomo
Shi wali go
Ashi quank.

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* *Lee Ross, Ogeecheetown, near Brownville.*
** *Tony William Delegal, Ogeecheetown, near Brownville.*

A, [See Category 324, plate following p. xxxii-C--Analyst]
B, [See Category 532, plate following p. xxxii-B--Analyst]
C, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-G--Analyst]

115 533 539

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Kum baba yano
Lai lai tambe
Ashi lai lai lai
Shi wali go
Dhun.

791 759 789 In the heart of the thriving Brownville community live fortune tellers, root doctors, and vendors of magic charms who conduct flourishing businesses.[22a, 8, 48] There is a ready market for their wares which are used for the various activities of daily living. Numerous perplexities pertaining to matters of business, luck, and love affairs are thought to be solved by the mere possession of certain charms.[8]

115 789 472 Mattie Sampson,* a robust young Negro woman, told us that she does an active mail order business as representative of the Lucky Heart Company, the Sweet Georgia Brown Company, and the Curio Products Company. She supports herself comfortably by means of selling her credulous neighbors good luck perfumes, roots, lodestones, and similar charms. "Duh chahms an good luck puhfumes an powduhs do deah wuk independent of any additional hep," Mattie said. "Ef anybody believe a puticuluh chahm is wut dey need, well, dat chahm will do duh wuk."

"Mos of muh customuhs depen on special chahms tuh bring em good luck," the young woman continued. "Dey nevuh puhmit deah supply tuh give out but awduh it ovuh an ovuh. I have sevral bes selluhs. One is duh *Mystic Mojo Love Sachet*. Dis is sometimes call *Quick Love Powduh* an is guaranteed tuh make yuh populuh, successful, an happy. Yuh use it tuh attrac a pusson an tuh make dat pusson admyuh an love yuh. A lill uh dis powduh is wone in a bag aroun duh neck aw rubbed on duh body. But ef yuh prefuh, yuh kin sprinkle it in duh dressuh draw aw in duh bottom uh duh shoes.

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* *Mattie Sampson, West 32nd Street.*

• 115 789 472 "*Mystic Mojo Incense* is anudduh one uh muh bes selluhs. On duh box it says dis is duh same incense used by duh Hindus an Arabs an Tuks, an also duh Egyptians, an Chinese. In every box is five diffunt culluhs, each one fuh a diffunt puhpose." From a box which Mattie had on hand we took down the directions: "Work the magic spell now. Just hold *Mystic Mojo* in hand and light match to tip. Perfumed with rare fragrance and exotic sandalwood, myrrh and incense. Price 25¢. Sweet and strong."

Mattie also constantly reorders a product known as *Magnetic Lodestone in Holy Oil.* "Dis is used," she explained "tuh drive away evil spirits an bad luck an tuh bring yuh luck in love, an business, an gamblin games. Den deah's *Five Finguh Grass.* A lot uh duh people heah are sked of witches an spirits visitin em at night. Dey hang *Five Finguh Grass* ovuh deah bed aw doeway tuh protec duh whole house.[11] Some of em use *Black Cat Incense an Powduh.*"

115 759 (463) A few blocks from Mattie Sampson lives William Edwards * who follows the diverse trades of root doctor,[48] piano tuner, and watchman at a filling station. For a while the old man stubbornly insisted that, although he had been a popular root doctor in his younger days, he had not treated a patient in years. After a good deal of casual friendly conversation, he at length admitted that he was at present doctoring a man who had malaria. He also admitted that he (757) was treating a cousin for an ailment and said that by the use of roots he had recently cured another patient of kidney trouble.

757 (231) "Muh roots kin cuo mos any pains," he said earnestly. "I wuks on dogs too. I kin cuo a mad dog in lessn a day ef dey git tuh me in time. I make muh medicine frum King Physics. It grows on duh salts an is bery plentiful neah Montgomery, but yuh hab tuh know how tuh fine it.

752 825 "Duh spiduh is bote good and ebil an is useful tuh man.

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* *William Edwards, corner West Broad and 32nd Streets.*

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757 825 I make a medicine out uh duh spiduh[5] by stooin eel skin in lahd wid it. Wen dis is done, I hab a saave dat will stop any kine uh pain. On duh iluns, specially St. Catherine, duh spiduh is hel in high regahd by some uh duh people.[53]

757 "I make muh medicine out uh King Physic root, an Indian Ash, an Tukish Wine. Wen I wuz a boy I lun many tings frum duh ole people bout herbs dat wuz good fuh diffunt ailments. Deah wuzn so many doctuhs in dem days. We hab tuh fine remedies fuh our sickness an know how tuh cuo snake bite aw cuts an boils, eben female complaints. So I lun wut herbs tuh use fuh deze ailments too.

[752] "I kin cuo any rattlesnake bite in twenty-fo hours. Duh remedy is King Physic, tuhpentine, an wiskey. Attuh duh pizen is kill, gib em plenty sweet milk an ebryting will be all right in twenty-fo hours.

[237] [825] "Duh spiduh web is good fuh stoppin duh blood wen anybody git cut. I make a saave by stooin physic vine leaves an talluh an spiduh tuhgedduh. Dis saave will relieve any bruise aw ole so. It draw all duh pizen out uh duh so.[48a, b]

775 789 "Tuh keep ghos away, missus, yuh hab tuh go in duh woods an fine a tree dat wuz strik by lightin, an git some uh duh bahk an put some unduh duh doe step an carry a piece in yuh pocket. No ghos would ebuh bodduh yuh agen. I done dat an ain been bodduh since. Now all yuh hab tuh do tuh keep witches frum ridin yuh is keep a Bible unduh yuh pilluh at night."[13]

759 757 ● [715] [278] Another root doctor * in the section told us that he had been born with a special knowledge of healing and had studied the science of herbs from the time he was a small boy.[48] Some of the herbs he uses in his mixtures are Golden Seal, Yellow Dust, Golden Thread, Hippo Root, Pink Root, Lady Slipper, Yellow Root, Blood Root, Rattlesnake Master, Black Snake Root, and John the Conqueror.

[787] "I know in a dream," he said, "jis wen a patient is comin

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* *George W. Little, 737 West 34th Street.*

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757
787 to consult me an I know head uh time zackly wut kine uh herbs tuh gadduh in awduh tuh cuo im."

787 He had been born with this power to foretell the future, he asserted.[22a,*] "Outside uh dreams," he went on, "I kin use leaves an coffee grouns an a suttn kine uh seed known as duh sensitive aw jumpin seed. Yuh fine deze seeds at suttn times long duh sho uh duh Wes Indies. Yuh hab tuh keep duh seeds in a closed containuh aw dey will jis disappeah. Tuh tell fawchuns yuh spread duh seeds out fo yuh on duh groun an dey'll moob bout. Dey moob cawdn tuh wut yuh tinkin. Tellin fawchuns is jis a mattuh uh concentratin yuh imagination on suttn tings. Den ebryting will appeah fo yuh."[22b-d]

754 Conjure is being practiced all the time, the root doctor informed us. "Frawgs an lizuds an sech tings is injected intuh people's bodies an duh people den fall ill an sometime die.[5, 15] Udduh strange tings is happenin, too. Take duh 789 story uh dem people wut fly back tuh Africa. Das all true. Yuh jis hab tuh possess magic knowledge tuh be able tuh cumplish dis.[69c] Not long ago I see a man vanish intuh tin eah by snappin his finguhs. Hab yuh heahd uh duh man wut wuz put in prison in Springfield? He jis flied away frum duh jail an wuz nebuh caught agen.[68b, 69c] Yes, ma'am, I know wut yuh hab tuh hab in awduh tuh fly aw vanish away, but it is mighty hahd tuh git. It's duh bone uh a black cat."

• (115) A woman* informant, too, had heard about flying Africans and persons who could disappear at will.[69c] She said also that she had often been ridden by witches. "Dey seem tuh come frum noweah an staht chokin yuh.[69] Witches an root men hab duh same magic powuh."

764 Relative to the custom of placing food and possessions on a new grave this woman spoke earnestly. "Dis wuz a common ting wen I wuz young. Dey use tuh put duh tings a (775) pusson use las on duh grabe.[47] Dis wuz suppose tuh satisfy

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* *Florence Postell, 928 West 51st Street.*

764 775 duh spirit an keep it frum followin yuh back tuh duh house. I knowd a uhmun at Burroughs wut use tuh carry food tuh uh daughtuh grabe ebry day.[58] She would take a basket uh cooked food, cake, pies, an wine. Den she would carry dishes too an set out a regluh dinnuh fuh duh daughtuh an uhsef. She say duh daughtuh's spirit meet uh deah an dey dine tuhgedduh."

(115) Another woman * told us that on holidays she carried food to her husband's grave and left it there for the spirit to come and get.[58] "I carry duh kine uh food we use tuh hab tuh eat on duh days he wuz off frum wuk," she said. "I take cooked chicken an cake an pie an cigahs—he like tuh smoke attuh eatin.[58a, b] I do dis cuz I know he will be lookin fuh me tuh bring it.

775 "Ebuh since I kin membuh I hab heahd bout spirits wanduhin roun at night,"[59] she continued. "Muh mothuh nebuh
would let us go tuh bed at night widout leabin plenty uh
watuh in duh pails fuh duh spirits tuh drink wile yuh sleep.
Ef yuh dohn leab no watuh dey wohn leh yuh res good. I
tink das wy hags ride some folks,[69] cuz dey dohn leab no
(754) watuh. I blieb witches is people dat's sole deah soul tuh duh
debil. Dey hab duh powuh tuh change frum deah own shape
tuh anyting dey wants tuh be,[68] so dey kin tawment udduh
folks. Wen a ghos is roun I kin feel duh hot eah."

775 754 784 We found that belief in supernatural beings such as witches and ghosts was widespread throughout the community.

754 (115) "Witches is lak folks," one woman said.** "Dey done sell demsefs tuh duh debil an he make em do anyting he wants tuh. Some git a grudge gense yuh an stahts tuh ride yuh.[69] No mattuh wut yuh do, dey kin git in yuh house. Sometime dey come lak a mouse, sometime a rabbit, an sometime eben a roach.[68] I membuh heahin bout a witch wut

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* *Bessie Reese, 2407 Harden Street.*

** *Emma English, 628 West 36th Street.*

754 come ebry night lak a rabbit an rode a woman. A man wut knowd duh woman laid a trap fuh duh witch. Duh witch scape frum duh house, but duh dogs track uh down. Wen she see she wuz caught, she beg duh man not tuh do nuttn tuh uh an she wouldn nebuh do no mo witchin."

775 A Negro preacher* in a near by section said that he had
been in the habit of seeing ghosts all his life.[56, 59] "Once wuz
787 jis aftuh muh fathuh died. I saw him all dressed up an
●(115) weahin a Stetson hat. I called muh mothuh an said,
'Mothuh, heah come Papa.' Wen I tun roun, he wuz gone.

"Aftuh I marry I moob out by duh watuh wuks. A frien uh mine name Arthur Perry die. Some time latuh anothuh frien die. One night I wuz lyin down wen I heah a noise. I look up an deah wuz two men all dressed up in wite, walkin cross dat room. As I watch em dey begin tuh shrink till dey wuzn no bigguhn dawls. Den dey disappeah. I see ghos mos any time, so Ise used to it now."

754 That he was frequently visited by both witches and ghosts
was the assertion of another man.** "Duh witches come in
775 an strangle me,"[60] he said, "but duh ghos yuh jis see, an no
hahm come frum um. Jis las night attuh I gone tuh bed a
ghos come in muh house.[59] I hab tuh git up an run im out.
Sometime dey pull duh cubbuh right off muh bed."

754 The same man said considerable conjuring was being practiced in the neighborhood, but that he kept a careful distance from people who were believed to be able to "do tings tuh yuh."[15]

"Yuh see," he volunteered, "I hab muh leg fix once. Dat
wuz back in 1893. Fus muh foot swell up, den muh leg. It
wuz so bad I couldn walk. A man tole me tuh go tuh Doctuh
(757) Buzzud, a root doctuh.[48] Doctuh Buzzud gimme some root
medicine an in no time I wuz all right."*

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* *Harry Higgins, 1810 West Broad Street.*
** *Albert Jenkins, 627 West 36th Street.*

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754 .115 A more recent case of attempted conjure was told us by the woman * who had been the intended victim.[15] We found her living in new quarters where she had hurriedly moved to escape the evil influences directed towards her by the downstairs tenants in her former residence. Stout and middle-aged, she had not yet recovered from her fright at the time she was interviewed. As she talked, her dark eyes rolled wildly and her manner betrayed signs of extreme agitation.

754 "Dem folks wuz detuhmined tuh git muh spirit. Ef dey do dat, den I go crazy an nobody could hep me. Dey hab a dog trained wut would git unduh muh winduh an bahk twice tuh git me tuh look out. Ise on tuh em an uh stay shut in muh ruhm. Den dey would blow a automobile hawn twice. Sometime dey would beat on a sycamo tree in front uh duh house an call muh name, 'Tressie, Tressie, Tressie, wake up! Yuh gwine tuh sleep alluh time?'

"Dey bun all kine uh powduh unduh muh winduh.[8b] I moob muh bedruhm, but dey fine it out an somehow dey make holes unduh muh bed. Attuh twelve o'clock dey staht bunnin powduh an roots an callin muh name agen. Duh nex mawnin I fine all kines uh tings on muh poach, red peppuh an haiah an some kine uh powduh an some bus eggs.

"One night I see em bunnin some kine uh powduh unduh muh winduh. Dat sho sked me. I run upsteahs and git muh huzbun's gun. Den I stan in duh back uh duh house listenin.

"I heah a voice callin way off. It keep sayin 'Tressie, Tressie,' tryin tuh git me tuh ansuh. I didn say nuttn, cuz ef uh ansuh tuh muh name den muh spirit would be stole. I heah muh name obuh an obuh an it seems dat it go right tru me. I take duh gun an fyuh two shot tru duh flo. Duh voice stop right off. Den somebody call a pleeceman. Wen

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* *Tressie Cook, 911 West 38th Street.*

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754 he speak tuh me, I tell im all bout duh root wuk an wy uh fyuhd duh gun. I ax im wouldn he uh done duh same an he say, 'Cose, but dohn do it agen.'

"I bin tuh duh poeleece tuh hep me but dey cuss me out. Once wen dat poeleece show up, duh uhmun wut tryin tuh fix me staht combin uh haiah. She kep it up till duh poeleece jis walk away. Den I went tuh a root doctuh an he tole me duh poeleece caahn do nuttn long as duh uhmun comb uh haiah. He tell me tuh use tuhpentine tuh destroy duh han wut she put down fuh me. Duh uhmun jist keep on wukin gense me an nobody couldn do nuttn tuh stop uh so I know I bettuh moob fo she git muh spirit."

534 In Brownville we found a man who knew how to make the old time drums. He made one for us out of a hollow log, across the end of which he tightly stretched a goat skin. He fastened the skin to the log by means of a number of wooden pegs. Unlike modern drums, this one was taller than it was wide, measuring about eighteen inches in length and ten inches in diameter.[25]

• (115) The drum maker, James Collier,* a middle-aged, intelligent, well-educated Negro (Plate VI),[A] said he had made a
number of drums in this primitive manner. Collier told us
764 that he had heard of drums having been used during funeral
533 ceremonies in former years. The mourners beat the drum
while on the way to the cemetery; after arriving they marched around the grave in a ring and beat the drum and shouted.[24] "They call it the dead march," explained the man.

775 "The spirit don't stay in the grave," he went on. "When
the funeral procession stahts tuh leave, the spirit leaves the
body an follows the people frum the graveyahd. It nevuh
stays with the body."[56] A little later he volunteered the
additional information, "Fuh the spirit tuh rest in the grave
(764) folks have tuh be buried at home. They nevuh feel right ef

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* *James Collier, 806 West 39th Street.*

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-F--Analyst]

Tatemville

361 EXTENDING SOUTHWEST FROM SAVANNAH OVER A widely scattered area is a section known locally as Tatemville. This settlement is inhabited largely by Negroes, some of whom are survivals of ante-bellum days.

551 It is interesting to note that a number of these old people in speaking of their fellow-slaves frequently prefix "Golla" to the given name.*

115 H. H. Miller,** an educated old man of this community, who has acquired considerable wealth, stated, "I knew many of the 'Golla' tribesmen who were brought to this country, when I was a boy. I think some can be found aroun these pahts now."

759 (115) A palsied old man, William Newkirk,† who said he was born on the Newkirk place, obligingly replied to questions concerning root doctors and conjure, "Well, duh root doctuh wuz all we needed. Dey wuz bettuh dan duh doctuhs now-a-days. Deah wuzn all uh dis yuh cuttin an wen yuh sick, duh root doctuh would make some tea an gib yuh aw sumpm tuh rub wid an das all. Den fo yuh know it, yuh wuz all right.[48a] He would fix tings fuh yuh ef somebody 755 done put sumpm down fuh yuh. Deah wuz many ways tuh wuk it. Sometime he would gib yuh sumpm tuh weah wid 789 yuh aw sumpm tuh take."[6]

115 Spirits are a reality to Esther Jones,‡ obviously a woman

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* *See Introduction.*
** *H. H. Miller 46th and Pearl Streets.*
† *William Newkirk, Tatemville.*
‡ *Esther Jones 308 West 46th Street.*

115 of schooling as evinced by her diction. She is a devout member of the Adventist Church, her day of worship coming on Saturday instead of the customary Sunday, a day observed and anticipated by the average Negro.

791 775 "Silvia Higgins," Esther testified, "wuz a medium. She talked with spirits all huh life.[56a, b] She used the rapping signal. I myself have seen the work and acts of spirits. I've seen cheahs and tables move about a room. And I've seen a woman and a boy come intuh my yahd and then disappeah, and I know that the woman wuz dead. The boy wuz not dead but wuz not anywheah in this vicinity. Silvia Higgins wuz my mothuh. She has been dead thirty-two yeahs."

115 One of the most interesting Negroes in this settlement is Tonie Houston,* an old preacher, extremely gracious of manner and eager to be of help.

"I bin yuh in dis town fo dey wuz no big buildings an duh streets wuz all dut an deah wuz no pavement."

829 "Do you remember any of the people brought over from Africa?" we asked.

(551) "Yas, I know heaps ub um. Deah wuz 'Golla' John Wiley, 'Golla' Jim Bayfield—he wuz bought by Mahse Chahles Lamar, and he sole im to Mr. McMullen. Den deah wuz 'Golla' Jack, 'Golla' Tom, 'Golla' Silvie, 'Golla' Chahles Carr, 'Golla' Bob, Chahlotte, Cain, an Jeanette, an 'Golla' Alice. Dey wuz all bought by Mr. McMullen."

(101) When asked the meaning of so many "Gollas," he replied, "All duh people wut come frum Africa aw obuhseas wuz call 'Golla,' and dey talk wuz call 'Golla' talk." His knowl- (192) edge of their language, gained by association with the Africans, was scant. Among the words he remembered were *musungo* tobacco, *mulafo* whiskey, and *sisure* chicken. A cow was called *gombay* [25g] and a hog *gulluh*.

(322) To questions regarding the utensils, such as buckets, tubs,

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* *Tonie Houston, Tatemville.*

829 dishes, and tools, of these people, he answered, "Dey would
322 make any ting dey needed. Dey made spoons, trays, buckets. Dey made piggins an mawtuh an pestle from a lawg uh wood. Dey would make wooden cuttuhs fuh meat an vegetubble an would dress some uh dem wid pretty figyuhs." [704]

829 For their meetings, he said "Golla" Tom or another would beat the drum signalling them to gather; then all would sing
796 and dance in a circle to the accompaniment of the drum.[33]
533 The drums of death would also sound, summoning to the "settin-up" or wake.[26] "Dey would have some hot drinks,"
764 recounted Tonie Houston, "sech as coffee an tea.[37] Den at duh time fuh buryin, duh drum would beat an all would lay flat on duh groun on dey faces befo duh body wuz placed in duh grave. Den all would rise and dance roun duh grave. Wen duh body wuz buried, duh drum would give signal wen all wuz tuh rise aw fall aw tuh dance aw sing." [18]

754 As to the magic of conjure, he had been well acquainted with a "cunjuh man" who, he said, was a native of Africa
789 and could disappear at will. However, this man, Dick Hamilton, had died three years previously.

There had also been living in Tatemville "Golla" Jones
829 Davis, an African, who, as affirmed by his relative, Solomon Davis, has not been heard of since his departure for his native land, some five or six years ago.

• 115 Richard Wright,* bent with age and rheumatism, talked at length about his childhood on the plantation, where he was one of seventy-five children owned by his "Boss." He
(322) attested to the skill exhibited in that day by the men in wood
(286) carving and the making of farm implements [704] and by the women in making cloth.

777 He was staunch in his belief in signs as he declared, "Deah's many tings wut's bad luck. Ef we come in duh house wid our hat on we hab tuh go back an den pull it off
(356) an den come in. Wen yuh clean duh house in duh day an

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* *Richard Wright, Tatemville.*

777 356 duh flo git duhty agen by duh night time an yuh sweep duh flo, yuh musn sweep duh dut out duh house, but yuh hab tuh sweep it behine duh doe till mawnin.

(533) " 'Tis bad luck fuh girls tuh wistle. It will suttnly lead tuh misfawchun. Yuh should nevuh put noo bodes on a ole house but yuh should git a ole bode das good tuh men duh place dat yuh hab tuh fix. An nevuh put anudduh ruhm on a house das already buil. 777 825 It sho mean bad luck, eeduh sickness aw det tuh some uh yuh fambly aw close friens, wen yuh heah duh owl holluh by yuh house.[44] Now yuh kin watch it. I ain see it fail yet."

436 789 The custom of spitting on money is a very old one, it seems. This, he explained, will cause it to "stick tuh yuh aw it will draw mo tuh yuh."

• 115 Strolling down the sandy road with an ax across his shoulder and a dog at his heels, Jack Waldburg * hastily removed his hat at the sight of us. He is of medium height and slightly bent; his hair and beard are quite gray but his sprightly appearance belies the eighty years he claims.

He greeted us cordially, listened attentively to what we had to say, and answered without hesitation.

"Yes, missis, I bawn an raise in dis paht uh duh country, down at Cherry Hill in Bryan County. But I bin libin roun yuh bout tutty yeahs. Muh gran wuz a African. Das weah he come frum an he name wuz Buck Waldburg. He dahk in culluh an medium high wid strong buil. He hab long haiah. But granmudduh, she from deah, too, an she (759) feah. She duh one wut lun me tuh make medicine frum root.[48b] She a midwife an tell me duh kine tuh use. I dohn make it no mo cuz I ain got a license."

754 We asked if conjure were practiced by root men.

759 "No'm, I dohn know nuttn bout cunjuh. Some folks say dey kin wuk it but it bad an I dohn fool wid um.

787 "Now spirits is diffunt. Deah is good un an bad un.[56a]

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* *Jack Waldburg, Tatemville.*

TATEMVILLE

787 I caahn see um but uh feels um. Sometime wen folks is
comin tuh me I kin tell dey comin fo I see um, an wen yuh
die yuh head tun backwud.[57] Soon's yuh die it tun roun.

787 “Duh folks frum Africa could see um. Dey natchul bawn
775 dat way. An wite dogs! [46] Dey alluz kin see spirit. Muh
brudduh Simon he bawn wid a caul an he see um an play wid
(231) um.[4] Dey would climb trees an he climb attuh um so muh
(845) mudduh give um some tea made frum caul uh women an bline
um tuh um.”

278 We endeavored to gain some information as to the ingredients of this tea but the only explanation was that the concoction was more effective when made from cauls of women.

764 He could remember nothing as to the use of drums at
funerals or other gatherings but his eyes twinkled when we
533 turned the conversation to a culinary line.

“Ma would make ash cake,” he recalled. “She would mix
252 duh cawnmeal, den open duh oak ashes an spread in some
hickory leaves, den put duh cawnmeal on duh leabes an cubbuh wid mo leabes, den put duh hot ashes an coals on duh top. Wen it done, she take duh bread frum duh ashes an rub it wid a rough clawt aw brush an it would be pretty an brown. Dis,” he concluded smacking his lips, “wuz bery fine wid fat meat aw surup.”

775 Justine Singleton * believed firmly in the existence of
spirits as verified by her statement. “Yes, wen I wuz sick
787 muh sistuh das dead come tuh me an I knowd dat it wuz huh
(115) an she done talk tuh me. She tole me tuh git some weepin
willuh an bile it an make a wash fuh muh feet.” This, she
(757) explained is an excellent remedy for foot ailments. “I done
talk tuh duh spirits many times. Sometime I gib em sumpm.
I caahn tell yuh no mo now cuz I caahn git muh mine tuhgedduh.”

115 In this locality stands a small one-room structure occu-

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759 * *Justine Singleton, Tatemville.*

115 pied by an old man and his dog, between whom there is a
759 touching devotion. In addition to other means of livelihood,
he follows the profession of root doctor. "I kin cuo any kine
uh sickness das put on yuh. An," he added, "I kin tell wut
(787) a man want. Soon's uh see im his spirit come tuh me. I lay
down an sleep an know wen somebody want me. Deah spirit
come an wake me. Many times uh go an fine em lookin fuh
me."

115 This man, whose name is Allen Parker * is unusually
adept with his hands, as shown by his skill in mending clocks,
watches, and firearms, in making chairs, baskets, piggins,
bread trays, spoons and forks,[70d] and in carving figures of
such animals as snakes, lizards, frogs, dogs, alligators and
rabbits.[50b]

829 In reference to native Africans, he declared that he had
known many of them but that few were left in this vicinity
although he thought some might be found around Darien.

115 It was with difficulty that Rosanna Williams ** was per-
suaded to talk. She was suspicious and reticent and lived
behind tightly locked doors in a house that to all appearance
was deserted. After much coaxing she cast aside some of
her mistrust and grudgingly responded to our friendly
gestures.

"Muh name is Rosanna Williams. Muh pa wuz Lonnon
Dennerson. He frum duh ole country. Muh granpa wuz
'Golla' Dennerson, King uh his tribe. Wen muh pa wuz a
lill boy, him an muh granpa wuz fool away wid a red hankuh-
chuh. Dey wuz sole tuh Chahls Grant on one uh duh iluns
115 roun Brunswick. Muh pa wuz six foot tall an on is furud
wuz a scah bout dis big." [14] She indicated the end of her
304 forefinger.

We questioned her more closely regarding this mark which

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* *Allen Parker, Tatemville.*

** *Rosanna Williams, Tatemville.*

115 304 from her description seemed to have been a small scar, oval in shape and slightly raised.

We had been told by her neighbors that she, too, bore a mark, although none of them had seen it.

"Did he mark you too, Rosanna?"

She gave us a piercing look, ignored the question, and
262 continued along another vein. "He eat funny kine uh food.
Roas wile locus an mushruhm an tanyan root. It lak elephant-eah an tase like Irish potatuh. He plant mosly benne
an rice. I plant a lill benne ebry yeah too. He use tuh
[252] beat benne seed in mawtuh an pestle, sometime wid a lill
shuguh an sometime wid a lill salt an make a pase. He eat it
on bread aw he eat it jis so."

534 We broached the subject of drums.

"Yes'm, dey use tuh dance tuh drums an dey beat um fuh fewnuls too.

115 "I wuz too lill tuh membuh anyting wut wuz said bout
muh granpa, but muh pa wuk on duh fahm fuh is 'boss.' He
make lot uh duh tings dey use. I ain got nuttn wut he had
[413] but dis." She brought forth a curious looking tool resembling a can opener with a hook in the end, which, she said,
her father had used for extracting teeth. He had also been
[757] familiar with various roots and weeds, which he used in the
preparation of medicines administered to the sick on the
plantation.[48b]

115 We returned to the subject of the mark, at the mention of which her eyes suddenly narrowed.

304 "Wut yuh doin? Is yuh gonuh sen me back tuh Liberia?"

When we assured her that we had no such intention she became complacent and even voluble.

"Yes'm, he mahk me," she admitted, "on muh ches."

"What did he do it with? What sort of an instrument did he use?" we asked, vainly trying to conceal our interest.

"I dohn membuh. I wuz too lill."

•115 304 "But did he tell you why he marked you?" we persisted.

"No'm, he ain say wy. He jis tell me he done it wen Ise lill. I dohn known wut he do it wid an Ise mos grown fo uh know wut it is an Ise duh onlies one he mahk. I duh tomboy uh duh fambly an folluh im roun askin wut duh ole country like."

"Rosanna," we ventured, "would you let us see the scar?"

She hesitated, then cautiously raised her hand to the fastening at the neck of her dress and, baring her chest, allowed us a glimpse of the scar. It appeared to be an irregular circle the size of a fifty-cent piece with faint lines which seemed to run toward the center.[14] Time, however, had obliterated any design or pattern which it might once have had.

771 hundred, are deeply religious and lay great stress on being
(162) "Christian people." Many of the older inhabitants were
formerly slaves on a large plantation on St. Catherines
(175) Island. After the War between the States many of these
(361) Negroes moved to White Bluff, built their homes, reared
their families, and have lived to see two generations reach
maturity. With all their fervent Christian doctrines the old
people have an unwavering faith in many of the beliefs
taught them by their grandparents. A few remember their
ancestors who were brought from Africa on slave ships.

461 The younger group seem carefree as they perform their
tasks in the cool part of the morning. It is not unusual to
883 see several young men lying on a shady porch resting or
happily engaged in a card game as early as ten o'clock on a
summer morning. These young people have little faith in
(789) the practices of their elders, but they believe profoundly in
the power of certain charms to affect luck and love.[8]

Having heard that Sophie Davis was one of the oldest
• 115 persons in the community, we visited her and found her
cordial in her reception. Sophie * does not know her exact
age, but was eight at the time of the war. She is very short
and very stout with gray hair and a very large smiling face.
The day we saw her she wore a cotton print dress with gray
predominating. Her sparkling eyes expressed her interest
in current happenings of the community, and when she
laughed, her eyes became mere slits and her shoulders shook.

Indicating a small bush growing beside the doorway of
824 her little cabin, Sophie told us, "Some uh duh folks heah sho
belieb in some queah tings. Yuh see dis lill bush—it call
Cherokee an mos uh duh folks yuh plants it at duh doe. It
(777) bring um good luck.[34c] Lot uh medicine an cuos is made
(757) frum udduh roots and herbs an some uh duh folks uses um
wen dey's sick." [48]

(757) We inquired as to the kind of herbs used.

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* *Sophie Davis, White Bluff.*

759 uh people. Deah so much debilment in ole Uncle John
754 Bowen dat finally he eat out hesef till he fix hesef an die."

534 We asked about the use of drums.

"Yes'm, dey alluz use tuh beat duh drum wen somebody
763 die tuh let duh udduh folks know bout duh det. An at
764 fewnuls too, dey beat it."

Relative to spirits, she replied, "No'm, I caahn see spirits
776 cuz I ain bawn wid a caul. But now Bob Delegal he knows
spirits. Down on Blackbeard Ilun, deah wuz a big hawg wut
wuz a ebil spirit. Dey call um Blackbeard an dey try an
try tuh kill um. So ole Bob Delegal cut up some silbuh an
put it in he gun. He aim at duh hawg but he miss um an ole
Bob Delegal fall down an couldn speak. Dey carry um home
an he nebuh did talk no mo an duh nex day he die."

According to Sophie the old people on St. Catherines
782 would pray at the rising and at the setting of the sun and
at the conclusion of their prayers they would say the words
"Meena, Mina, Mo." Asked if she knew the meaning of
these words, she shook her head negatively.

"Yuh know, Susie Branch, who lib jis cross duh road
• 115 deah, could tell yuh some uh deze tings too. We wuz chillun
tuhgedduh down on St. Catherines Ilun. I gwine call uh."

In a moment Susie* arrived. Tall and thin, she was dressed in a red, green, and blue cotton plaid skirt and a man's shirt with the tail hanging loosely outside. She was very talkative and was enthusiastic in verifying many of the things that Sophie had mentioned.

115 Susie listened gravely as we inquired about her recollec-
tions of the old people in her family. She told us the follow-
829 ing story: "Dey steal muh great-great-gran, uh name wuz
Sukey, frum off duh beach in Africa wen she wuz a young
miss. I dunno wut paht ub Africa she come frum. She
alluz say she come frum Africa, duh country weah dey dohn
weah no cloze. At duh plantation at St. Catherines she wuz

Susie Branch, White Bluff.

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
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• 115
829 duh seamstress fuh duh slabes. She make mos all dey weah."

When we asked her if she ever heard that dreaming
787 about a snake "meant anything," the old woman replied,
"Yes, ma'am, dat mean yuh got a enemy.[51] Not many nights
ago I dream bout a snake an uh sho wuz sked wen uh
wake up."

They both laughed and Susie leaned over and tapped
845 Sophie on the arm and said, "Oh yes, deah's lots uh dem
[791] tings bout babies. Wen dey bawn wid a caul, das sho a sign
dey will be bery wise an kin talk wid duh spirits.[4] Ain dasso,
Sophie?"

Agreeing, Sophie hastened to add what she had heard
about babies born with teeth. "Dey will hab bad luck all
[777] deah libes.[66] Dat sho wuk out. Deah wuz one boy bawn
dat way wut lib right yuh in Wite Bluff an he wine up by
bein in duh chain-gang an dat sho nuff bad luck."

824 "But dis lill plant heah called 'Cherokee' is spose tuh
bring good luck ef yuh plants it by duh front doe step," [34c]
777 said Susie.

In this community as in many others strangers are not al-
764 lowed to be buried in the local cemetery but in what is known
609 as the "strangers lot," a piece of ground set apart from the
cemetery proper. The custom of bringing the dead back to
764 their original home for interment is also prevalent through-
out coastal Georgia. The body of a young man who recently
died in New York was brought back to White Bluff for
burial. Relative to this custom, Susie spoke quietly. "Dey
[795] alluz brings um back tuh bury um ef dey kin git duh money,
cuz yuh see duh spirit'll jis wanduh roun an nebuh be satis-
fied lessn it brung back home tuh be buried." [1]

115 "I know Lunnon Grayson know all bout dem tings too.
Yuh tun off tuh duh lef at duh fus road leadin off frum duh
highway yuh. Ax anybody den, an dey'll tell yuh wich is his
house. He use tuh lib on St. Catherines too, but he come up
yuh long fo me an Susie," Sophie said.

● 115 Lunnon * remembered a great deal about the old customs.
Seated in his front yard under the shade of a crepe myrtle
tree, he and Prince Sneed were chatting. Lunnon's hair was
[301] snow white and wooly. On his left ear was a gold earring,
which he claimed tended to improve his eyesight.[27] When he
[151] laughed be bent double and slapped his knees with his hands;
at the same time his mouth opened wide, revealing his three
remaining teeth. At first he was reluctant to admit that he
115 had heard much about conjuring. He finally admitted, between
754 chuckles, that he had heard about it from his mother
and grandmother but vehemently denied any belief in conjure
himself. He was serious, however, as he told the following
story about Prince Sneed's father-in-law, who was being
conjured at the time.

754 "I lib in White Bluff fuh bout fifty yeahs, an I kin tell
yuh many stories I heahd bout cunjuhin an root doctuhs.
Somebody heahbouts put an ebil spell on Prince Sneed's
fathuh-in-law, Lunnon Milton.[15] He seem tuh git wus an
wus an nuttn seem tuh hep him none. Finally he sen fuh a
[759] root doctuh an he wuk obuh im but he dohn git no bettuh.[48]
He call in eight ub um altuhgedduh, but dey dohn seem able
tuh countuhrack dat cunjuh.[9] Duh ole man sick tuh dis day.
Maybe some day he fine a root doctuh wut is powful nuff tuh
hep him." [48]

115 As Uncle Lunnon finished his story, Prince Sneed,** a
dark man of splendid physique despite his sixty-odd years,
[758] added, "It's lak dis. Wen Ise sick, I gonuh see a doctuh
right away. Now muh faduh-in-law, he jis keep on wid dem
[759] root doctuhs, but he say he ain gittin a bit bettuh."

Prince proved to be an interesting talker, much of his knowledge having been gleaned from conversations by the fireside with his grandfather. The following narrative was still fresh in his memory:

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* *London Grayson, White Bluff. Deceased November, 1939.*

** *Prince Sneed, White Bluff.*

WHITE BLUFF

789 "Muh gran say ole man Waldburg down on St. Catherine own some slabes wut wuzn climatize an he wuk um hahd an one day dey wuz hoein in duh fiel an duh dribuh come out an two ub um wuz unuh a tree in duh shade, an duh hoes wuz wukin by demsef. Duh dribuh say 'Wut dis?' an dey say, 'Kum buba yali kum buba tambe, Kum kunka yali kum kunka tambe,' quick like. Den dey rise off duh groun an fly away. Nobody ebuh see um no mo. Some say dey fly back tuh Africa. Muh gran see dat wid he own eye."

556 He had heard that on Blackbeard Island it was customary
in the old days for a group of men to agree upon a location
782 in which to bury their money, whereupon one of them would
voluntarily offer his life and be put to death at the hands
of the others, thereby enabling his spirit to stand guard and
protect the treasure.

"I seen a spirit muhsef once wen I wuz a young man,"
775 Prince continued. "It wuz late in duh aftuhnoon. I wuz
776 cookin crab an uh look up an see a man widout a head. I
787 look away, den uh look back tuh weah uh see im, an sho nuff
deah he is in plain sight. I rush tuh duh house an staht tuh
tell muh fostuh mudduh but she stop me. She dohn wahn
me tuh talk bout it. Den duh nex day she ax me wut uh see
an fix me sumpm tuh drink an I nebuh did see no mo spirit."

754 Another woman in the community, Bessie Royal,* in re-
lation to her belief in witchcraft and conjure said, "Lots
● [115] uh people roun yuh say dat hags ride um at night.[69] None
ub um ebuh boddubed me. Dey say dat duh hags is libe
folks wut hab duh powuh tuh change demsefs intuh animals
an insecs an any udduh ting dey want tuh be.[68]

"I dohn know how it wuz done but muh faduh wuz cun-
juhed [15] by a suttn uhmun dat wuz said to be a hag.[69] He
go crazy sometimes an ack lak he wuz sked by sumpm chasin
im. He git wus and dey take im tuh a root doctuh. Duh root
[755] doctuh say he wuz cunjuhed. He hab us ketch a wite chicken

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* *Bessie Royal, White Bluff.*

754 755 wich he split open wile duh chicken wuz still libe. He place dis chicken, blood an all wile it wuz still wome, on top uh muh faduh head an boun it deah.

"Well, muh faduh git bettuh fuh a wile. Den all at once he hab anudduh attack an he die befo duh doctuh could git tuh im. Attuh dis I belieb in cunjuh mo dan ebuh."

•115 Later that same day we visited a small Negro cabin set deep in the woods some distance from the highway. Here lived Serina Hall,* born eighty-eight years ago on St. Catherines Island and a former slave of Jacob Waldburg. She said that when she was a small child her master had brought the members of her family to Savannah to be employed as house servants.

The old woman at first disclaimed any knowledge of conjure or the existence of supernatural creatures. After a time, however, her attitude changed and she launched into a lengthy discussion of the current beliefs.

775 (787) "I dohn lak tuh talk bout dem tings," she began, "but I hab tuh belieb wut muh eyes see. I membuh once a man uh knew well got kill. Attuh he wuz buried his spirit use tuh folluh me all duh time. I feel a heat come tuh me, den uh look roun, an deah a shadduh ub a man pass by. I ax duh spirit, 'Wut you want?' Den it leab me lone an I ain seen dat spirit sence." [58, 59]

754 We asked Serina if she had ever known any conjure workers and she said, "Witches an root men is duh same ting. Dey kin tun demsefs intuh any shape, a insec, a cat, aw a dog, aw any kine uh animal.[60] Dey kin go tru any kine uh hole tuh git at yuh.

"Tuh tun intuh sumpm else dey hab tuh hab duh powuh tuh take off deah skin. I heahd bout somebody watchin a hag take off is skin. He git some salt an peppuh an rub it on duh skin.[60a] Wen duh hag go tuh put is skin back on, duh salt an peppuh bun so he couldn git it on. Duh folks wuz

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* *Serina Hall, White Bluff.*

181 142 skinned, proud, upstanding and loyal, suspicious of strangers but generous and trusting to friends (Plate VIII, IX, 165 X). Most of the very old inhabitants have died in the past decade, so that to have reached the age of sixty places a man 178 or woman in the patriarchal class. The grown people between twenty-five and thirty, are still close to the traditions [771] and beliefs in which they have been reared. Firmly believing in the Bible, they still are aware of other beliefs and customs handed down by their parents and grandparents.

754 A pleasant, intelligent woman * of about forty-five chatted with us. "Cose, det is duh will ub God, but dey do say 761 jis duh same wen a pusson die, 'Maybe somebody fix em' [15] ● [115] aw 'I sho know dat uhmun wuz rooted.' I ain nebuh bought no powduh muhsef but jis day befo yestuhdy a uhmun frum Tatemville wuz right yuh tuh dis house sellin High John duh Conqueruh fuh fifty cent an she sho say it would bring yuh powuhful good luck, but I ain hab fifty cent.[8]

754 "Cose, it ain good tuh fool much wid dem tings, but yuh sho hab tuh be keahful not tuh let no enemy git hole uh yuh haiah combins cuz dey say dey sho could fix yuh den." [10] 789 She laughed a little uneasily. "Ef yuh dream ub a snake dassa enemy neahby too, but ef yuh weah a snake skin roun [787] yuh wais, it good fuh wut ail yuh.[504,*] An ef uh enemy come tuh yuh house an yuh dohn wahn im deah no mo, yuh jis take duh bruhm an sweep out quick attuh im. Den sprinkle a lill salt on duh flo weah his foot track bin an sweep em all out duh doe an he sho wohn come back no mo."

123 At this point in her narrative a swarm of barefoot children, black and with shining eyes, clustered around us. One [262] and all were eating crabs, biting into the soft part of the body shell or cracking a claw with strong white teeth. Word had evidently just gone out that some excitement was brewing. Strangers had come and were talking to "Miz Minnie." If anything was going on they didn't want to miss it.

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* *Minnie Dawson, Pin Point.*

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[533]
[539]

Dey got Bo-Cat in jail
Bout tuh hang im by duh rail
It a shame how Bo-Cat done he wife.

•(115) One of the Pin Point women, Margaret Snead,* recalls vividly the events of the De Lancy crime.

"Wy, duh night fo Catherine De Lanzy wuz kill, she spen it in town wid me," said Margaret Snead. "Attuh dat night I didn see uh no mo. People frum duh Pint come inquirin bout uh but nobody seem tuh know nuttn bout uh weahbouts. Bout two weeks latuh, a pahty uh wite mens out huntin come cross duh body at Raccoon Keys. Dis a ilun way beyon Hell's Gate. Mus be mohn twenny miles frum duh Pint. I dohn see as how nobody could carry a pusson dat fah jis tuh murduh em. Anyways, duh body wuz brung tuh duh city, an at duh unduhtakuh's office people went in tuh see ef dey could dentify it. Dis a hahd ting tuh do. She bin in duh watuh fuh days an days fo a high tide wash duh cawpse on sho. Duh body wuz caught tween two logs weah duh buzzuds went tuh wuk on it.

"I membuh a great big cawn wich she use tuh suffuh wid but couldn nebuh git rid ub. So I went in an had a look at duh foot, an sho nuff deah wuz dat cawn jis lak it use tuh be wen she wuz libe.

"Her ole huzbun, Limbrick De Lanzy, already wuz rested, an he git sen up fuh life. It wuz Friday, May duh thuteent, dat ole Limbrick carried Catherine off down duh ribbuh an murduh uh. A double bad luck, Friday an duh thuteent,[21] das wy dey make up duh song." [777]

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764

"Was the body buried at Pin Point?" we were interested to know.

"Yes, it wuz, but we didn hab no settin-up cuz duh body wuz too fah gone. Dat wuz sad. Ebrybody lub Catherine an fuh uh tuh die an be buried widout a settin-up aw lettin

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* *Margaret Snead, Pin Point.*

123 771 754 cunjuh." When pressed for details, however, and when assured that the interviewers' interest was a friendly one, their attitude frequently changed and they talked volubly of queer happenings in the vicinity.

754 (115) "They jis don't think bout nuthin but cunjuh," said one woman, a newcomer in the neighborhood.* "Yuh heah all the time of folks havin spells put on em an findin cunjuh bags buried in the yahd. All the times some folks are fixin othuhs.[15]

771 754 "A woman that lived in Homestead Park jis couldn't seem to have nothin but bad luck. She thought maybe an enemy had cunjuhed uh, so she looked in the yahd an sho nough theah wuz a cunjuh bag. It wuz a queah lookin bundle with a lot of brown clay in it. She destroyed the bag an the bad luck stopped an the evil spirits didn't bothuh uh none."

753 825 A small child complained to his parents that he felt snakes moving about in his head.[5, 50] A local doctor diagnosed the illness as ringworm, but this explanation failed to satisfy the parents for the child's own theory of snakes seemed to them much more convincing. One morning, soon after, the mother discovered a large snake crawling about in front of the house. She killed the snake and the next day the inflamed places on the boy's head began to heal. In a few days he was completely cured.**

754 789 (759) (777) Professional witch doctors and root doctors[48] ply an active trade and are employed in the more extreme cases, but often the people take matters in their own hands and by means of conjure bags and charms seek to alter their own destinies and those of their neighbors. Retribution is brought to bear on an enemy, the favor of a loved one is gained, and luck in business or in games of chance is assured by the possession of some sort of luck charm or powder.[8]

** Lizzie Jenkins, Sandfly.*
That this informant came from another section of Georgia was reflected in her speech.
*** Ophelia Baker, Baker's Crossing*

533 Another native of Skidaway,* now living in Sandfly, also
202 remembered drum codes being sent out from Skidaway.[26] A
member of the Baptist Church, he has never heard drums
•[115] beaten in the house of praise, but he described with great
pride and earnestness the ceremony of a river baptism.

795 "We gadduh at duh chuch wid duh candidates who comes
all dressed ready fuh baptism in long wite robes. Duh dea-
796 cons range duh folks in line, two by two. Den duh mahch
tuh duh ribbuh begin, duh pastuh an duh deacons leadin duh
way. Dis is a solemn time, an duh candidates an deah friens
an relatives all rejoice. As we mahch we sing. Some uh duh
(533) songs we sing is *I'm Gwine Down tuh duh Ribbuh ub Jawdan* an *Oh, Who Will Come an Go Wid Me?*

"Wen we git tuh duh ribbuh some uh duh folks is so happy an dey scream an jump roun so much dat some uh duh udduhs hab tuh hole em. Duh candidates is led intuh duh watuh, one by one, an baptize. Attuh duh baptizin dey change deah cloze an we all go tuh duh chuch fuh duh communion services."

754 Here, as in many other sections, a silver coin is frequently
worn on the ankle to insure good luck[8] and to give warning
301 by turning black at any effort by an enemy to conjure the
789 wearer.[12a, c, d] In regard to this custom of wearing a coin one
woman who is married to a man "wid duh powuh tuh see
(777) tings"[22a, e] said, "Duh folks roun yuh use tuh weah five
dolluh gole pieces on deah ankle, but hahd times jis nachly make dem gole pieces jump off." **

The same woman told that when she and her husband first moved to Sandfly several years ago, a neighbor employed a conjure man to put a spell on them to drive them away.

"I membuh wen deze folks cross duh way wuz cunjuhin us, an strikin roun, I went tuh duh sto an change a dolluh bill fuh one of deze silvuh dolluhs. It wuz roun an shiny as yuh

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* *John Bivens, Baker's Crossing.*

** *Lee Baynes, Sandfly.*

787 of all the settlers as one who can read signs and interpret dreams.

• 115 Solomon Gibson's wife, Mary Liza,* a slender black woman of about forty, came to the island from Skidaway upon her marriage. She was an amiable person, not at all disinclined to an interview.

787 (777) "I kin cook and wash an ion an make baskets an do anyting roun duh house," she said. "Yes, I belieb in many signs. Yuh musn sweep out duh doe aftuh dahk an it bad luck tuh [763] split a tree wen yuh's walkin. Deah's two signs uh det. Ef duh dog holluhs aw a owl holluhs,[44b] somebody is gonuh die. [825] I lun all dis frum duh ole people an I know it's true."

115 Bruurs Butler,** well past three score and ten, worked for "Capm Wiley" for nearly thirty years and is still an able field hand. He owns his small house, which is equipped with electricity and a radio.

"I wuz bawn on DeRenne place," he told us, "an my mothuh an fathuh wuz owned by Mistuh DeRenne. My fathuh wuz a second sergeant in the Confederate Ahmy. None of us lef duh plantation aftuh duh waw. I wuk crops fuh Mistuh DeRenne till I wuz a young man."

829 We asked if there had been any Gullah Negroes on the Isle of Hope in the old days and he nodded.

(789) "Use tuh be many 'Golla' people roun yuh but dey all died out. Dey tell me them people could do all kine uh curious tings. Dey could make fahm tools wuk fuh um jis by talkin tuh um.[38a] An," he added soberly, "some of um could disappeah at will.[69c] Wist! And dey'd be done gone.

787 (777) "Yuh askin me bout signs? Well," he appeared amused, "yuh'll fine that ef yuh believe sumpm is bad luck an yuh look fuh bad luck, yuh gonuh fine bad luck. Deah's some signs that come frum Gawd, though, and these is unfailin. Lak dreams an foewahnin not tuh do dis aw dat."[22a]

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* *Mary Liza Gibson, Grimball's Point.*

** *Bruurs Butler, Grimball's Point.*

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•115 One of the oldest of the residents is white-haired F. J. Jackson* who remembers his childhood days on "Massuh George Wiley plantation" when many freed Negroes stayed on to work in the cotton fields. Years have weakened his once sturdy frame and slowed down both thought and gesture, but the light of humor still gleams in his dimmed eyes. We found Jackson in the kitchen of his comfortable frame bungalow, a new house built to replace a little old shanty [227] that was burned down. He was making a casting net, his [286] twisted old fingers still deft with the cords. He conversed like one glad of congenial company.

"Does I membuh ole times?" he repeated in answer to our question. "Yes, I dohn git away frum dis place much now an uh jis sit roun an tink ub a long time ago. Deah wuzn no automobiles an duh only way tuh git tuh Savannah wuz by duh mule an caht aw git in duh road wid yuh foots. Not many uh duh people still livin wut come long wid me. Dey's bout gone. Me an ole man Bruurs Butluh's bout duh onlies ones lef uh duh fus settluhs.

115 "Yes, I membuhs duh plantation days. Massuh George wuz a slave dealuh fo duh waw, an he tuk us all, muh gran- 567 daddy, Lewis Hargray, an muh maw, an muh daddy—I name attuh him. Massuh George use tuh buy an sell but he wuz a good man an lot uh his slaves stay wid im on duh fahm attuh freedom. Dat big house in duh ben uh duh road wuz weah he lib, an dey still got duh ball an chain an duh banjo table in duh house now.

115 "Wen I lef duh fahm an moob tuh duh pint, ain but five wite families yuh. Ain no roadn nuttn, jis woods. I done a lot uh huntin an fishin. Deah wuz plenty uh deahs roun yuh.

"I use tuh go back tuh duh fahm on Satdy night fuh duh 533 big times. Dey hab wut yuh call shouts. Wut kine uh music did us hab?" Jackson's aged eyes twinkled. "We use

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534 * *F. J. Jackson, Grimball's Point. Deceased July, 1940.*

GRIMBALL'S POINT

534 drum an fife an we made duh drum frum holluh beehive
[533] lawg.[25b] I tell yuh how we done it. Yuh cut duh lawg an
tak a deah hide an stretch obuh duh hole. Den yuh cut a
hoop ban dat could lock roun duh lawg. Den yuh cut strips
uh deah hide an make bans tuh hole duh head cuvvuh tight.
How yuh make duh fife? Well, yuh jis cut reed cane.

322 "Lots uh udduh tings we make our ownsef," said the old
man. "All duh fishin cawd made out uh deah hide, and we
[283] make mos uh duh house needs sech as cheahs an tables, baskets
an buckets an stools, an sometime spoons an beds and
cubbuds. Oh, deah's much I caahn tell off han."

•115 Jackson's wife, who was not many years past middle age,
came in about this time, greeted us, and sat down to listen.

787 "Wut dis bout signs?" Jackson laughed. "Sho I knows
a few. Deah's some dat foetell wut comin. Wen yuh see duh
825 hawgs bring straw in deah mouf, it's a sho sign wintuh goin
tuh be cole. Ef duh roostuh come in duh doe an crow an
den go out, it's sho sign uh sorruh in dat house. Duh owl is
[763] a true messenjuh uh det,[44] an wen yuh see a bunch uh crows
flock up, yuh jis watch out fuh a fewnul. Deah's many
signs an wunduhs. Duh Bible tell us so. I had a buckeye
789 fuh many yeahs dat keep off bad luck. I use tuh have a
hawse shoe ovuh duh doe uh duh ole house wut bun down,[11a]
but I ain put one on dis un yet.

755 "Rootn?" he shook his head disdainfully. "I seen duh
root man say he tak wuhrums an pins an tings out uh people,
but I belieb it's some trick. I ain got no fait in dat stuff."

"But I have," put in his wife.* "Muh brothuh-in-law
754 wuz fixed by his wife.[15] Not muh sistuh but anothuh woman.
He tun intuh a invalid an laid down helpless fuh twenny-five
yeahs. None uh the medical doctuhs couldn hep im, an sev-
[759] ral root doctuhs wuz called in.[48a] One of um said nuthin
[758] couldn be done fuh im cuz the pusson that put im in this fix
wuz dead an theah wuzn nobody tuh throw it back tuh. So

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* *Della Jackson, Grimball's Point.*

Wilmington Island

•115 UNCLE JACK TATTNALL* AND UNCLE ROBERT PINCK-
226 ney ** are river men. For many years they have earned a
frugal living by casting for shrimp or crabbing or fishing in
the Wilmington River. Apparently they are in little fear of
the elements. Winter or summer, at whatever hour of the
day or night the tide is "right," they are on the water in
their bateaux.

311 Many of the Wilmington Island Negroes depend upon the
river for their livelihood. In leisure hours, here as in other
461 sections, skillful fingers carve or weave to pass the time away.
322 We were fortunate in being shown a walking stick (Plate
532 IIb)[A] carved some years before by an old fisherman of the
481 island.† The delicately detailed figure of a human being
formed a third of the stick, with hair, features, fingers, and
shoes carefully executed. The narrow thin figure stood
stiffly gowned in a garment edged with a saw-tooth design.

124 For some time we had been anxious to obtain interviews
with Uncle Jack and Uncle Robert, who were among the
oldest inhabitants of Wilmington Island, in order that we
might learn something regarding beliefs and customs that
had been handed down to them. Until the present time, we
had met with little success.

124 A barbecue to be held in the side yard of Celia Small, one
114 of the islanders, at last gave us the long hoped for opportunity of meeting a number of the residents at one time.

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* *Jack Tattnall, Wilmington Island.*

** *Robert Pinckney, Thunderbolt.*

† *Property of Edward A. Sieg, 128 West Jones Street, Savannah.*

A. [See Category 322, plate following p. xxxii-B--Analyst]

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When we arrived, it was just getting dark. Black masses of trees were outlined against the sky. To the south a shining river curved into shadows. A little wind blowing up from the marsh tasted of salt.

The party was in full swing. Small groups clustered about the open fire, chatting amiably and tending the juicy pork which was slowly roasting on a grill. The light of the fire lit up the shiny black faces and touched here and there on a bright blouse or turban.

•115 Uncle Jack, tall, bony-framed and lanky, had worn his usual workaday clothes to the party. His kindly, near-sighted eyes shone with excitement. Uncle Robert, small and spry, had dressed up in honor of the occasion. He was conspicuously proud of his derby hat, neatly brushed and cleaned. [291] It was about two sizes too large and came down to Uncle Robert's ears at the sides and to his eyebrows in front, but, almost new, it gave the old man a certain air of assurance and seemed to make him forget that his brown suit was faded and well worn.

When the opening merriment had somewhat subsided, the crackling of pork fat and the smell of hot yams drew the party around the fire where Uncle Jack and Uncle Robert were exchanging reminiscences of old times. For the most part the others listened, occasionally interjecting a sentence or two.

We asked how long the old men had lived on the island and Uncle Jack answered, "All muh life I lib right yuh on Wilmington Ilun. Bawn yuh an nebuh want tuh lib no place else. I got ebryting I want right yuh."

Uncle Robert, who was eighty-one, about ten years older than Uncle Jack, said that he had come to the island from Clinch County just before the War between the States.

The long journey undertaken so many years ago had made a vivid impression on him. With a far-away expression in his eyes, the old man told us about that trip.

WILMINGTON ISLAND

115 “We come in a wagon hitch up tuh a double team uh
492 hawse. We pile ebryting in duh wagon, all duh pots and
484 pans an beddn. Duh women ride in duh wagon an duh men
trudge longside.

115 “It take us days an days tuh come frum Clinch County
484 tuh yuh. We cross tree ribbuhs. We git tuh one ribbuh wut take us a half day tuh git obuh. Wen night come, we sleep in duh houses long duh road wut duh folks desuhted. I membuh one time we stay at a house wut dohn hab no flo. Jis walls an a roof. We put duh beddn right down on duh groun an sleep deah.

115 “We done sell tuh Mistuh Barnard. Yuh know duh
567 Barnards, missus? Mis Barnard come outn a Barstow.
829 Dey lib yuh, too. Well, wen we git tuh Wilmington Ilun, deah wuz jis a few houses on duh ilun. Deah wuz still some folks yuh wut hab come frum Africa. I recollect dat one gang uh slabes wuz brung frum Liberia. Dat wuz fo I git yuh. Duh las gang wuz brung attuh I git yuh an dey come ovuh frum Africa an dey stop an add tuh um at Santo Domingo.

“Yuhs heahd bout dat lot, ain’t yuh? Big boat try tuh creep up duh Savannah Ribbuh, but dey chase um out tuh open sea an dey keep chasin um till wen dat boat git way an kin lan dem slabes, it way down tuh Jekyll Ilun. Den attuh dey git um deah, dey steal some ub um back an carry um up yuh tuh Hutchinson Ilun. I tink dasso, missus.

“I membuh doze Africans wen dey fus come couldn walk on duh groun bery good. Dey hab lill clumpy feet an dey ain weah no shoes needuh.”

We asked if Uncle Robert had ever heard the Africans say how they had been captured and he nodded. “Yes’m, I heahs um talk bout dat many times. Dey say duh wite mens git um tuh come on ship an dey fool um wid all kine uh pretty tings. Den dey lock um in duh hatch an wen dey git out, dey way out on duh open sea.”

829
764 pray, dey come in an put deah han on duh frien an say goodbye.[30, 31] Den dey go home."

764 533 "We beat duh drum agen at duh fewnul." [24] This from Uncle Jack. "We call it duh dead mahch. Jis a long slow beat. Boom-boom-boom. Beat duh drum. Den stop. Den beat it agen."

534 We wanted to know what the drums looked like and the two men took turns in supplying the information.

Uncle Robert spoke first. "Duh ole drums wut duh Africans make wuz make out ub a skin uh some kine uh animal stretch obuh a holluh lawg. Dey didn eben take duh haiah off duh skin. Jis put it on datta way." [25]

Here Uncle Jack spoke up, "Ain so long sence dey stop makin drums. Wen I wuz a young man, we use tuh make um. Dey wuz fo-cawnuhed sometimes an wuz cubbuh wid a skin. Dey wuz bout fo feet high. At duh fewnul wen we beat duh drum we mahch roun duh grabe in a ring."

538 We asked if any of them knew any spider stories. There was some hesitancy; then they all said, "No'm."

[115] Celia Small,* a slim, middle-aged Negro woman, listened intently, nodding her head. We asked Celia if she had heard of them.

"Yes'm, muh granma she speak ub em many time an say dey's wicked." Celia laughed slyly. "She say dey talk bout um mung duh mens."

We asked if the spider had a name, like Brer Rabbit.

"No'm, he ain got no name. Lease, I ain nebuh heahd it. Only time I knows yuh call a spiduh wen yuh say, 'An Nancy got um,' an das wen he ketch duh fly.[53] Duh spiduh is wicked. Hab tuh be bery keahful bout um. He drop right down out uh duh sky on yuh."

"What about the spider stories?" we persisted.

Celia looked at us warningly. She laughed softly.

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* *Celia Small, Wilmington Island.*

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538 "Spiduh stories mus be bad. Caahn git duh mens tuh tell um tuh dis day. Dey jis say dey ain know nuttn bout um. Dey ain want tuh tell um tuh duh ladies."

● [115] Gene,* Uncle Jack's stalwart son, who had for the most part stood quietly at the fringe of the little group and had volunteered no information at all, now contributed, "Doze spiduh stories ain nuttn but duhty jokes. Dat's all dey is. Yuh call a duhty joke 'An Nancy story.' Ain no stories tuh tell duh ladies." [33]

789 A sudden silence followed and we asked if any of the
group had heard of flying Africans. Uncle Jack's face
567 brightened. "Long as I kin membuh, missus, I been heahin
829 bout dat. Lots uh slabes wut wuz brung obuh frum Africa could fly. Deah wuz a crowd ub um wukin in duh fiel. Dey dohn lak it heah an dey tink dey go back tuh Africa. One by one dey fly up in duh eah an all fly off an gone back tuh Africa."

789 As the old man was talking, the others nodded in agreement and mumbled that they too had heard of "folks wut
[115] could fly." Peter McQueen,** small and middle-aged, said, "Deah's folks wut kin fly eben now. Folks is alluz complainin bout bein rid by witches. [69]

754 There was again a murmur of agreement and we were able to catch snatches of conversation dealing with people in the neighborhood who had been ridden by witches.

Celia Small told us, "Dey's mosly folks yuh know. Jis change deah shape at night an come in duh house an ride yuh." [68]

"Now das sumpm reel," approved Uncle Robert. "I bin rid lots uh time by witches. Jis sit on yuh ches an ride yuh. Yuh wake up an feel lak yuh smudduhin. Ef yuh kin git duh succulation an tro um off, it all right."

775 776 The talk of witches suggested other apparitions and we

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* *Gene Tattnall, Wilmington Island.*

** *Peter McQueen, Wilmington Island.*

539 way, Bruh Rabbit he steal duh hoe. He go tuh he own fiel an he stan duh hoe up an he say, 'Swish.' Duh hoe staht tuh wuk. It wuk and it wuk. Fo long duh crop is done finish. Den rabbit want hoe tuh stop, an he call out an he call out but hoe keep right on wukin. Bruh Rabbit dohn know wut wud tuh say tuh stop it. Pretty soon duh hoe cut down all Bruh Rabbit wintuh crop an still it keep on wukkin an wukkin. Bruh Rabbit wring he hans. Ebryting he hab is gone. Jis den Bruh Wolf come long an he laugh an he laugh out loud wen he see how Bruh Rabbit steal he hoe an how it done ruin all duh crop. Bruh Rabbit he keep callin out, 'Swish, swish,' an duh hoe go fastuhn fastuh. Wen he see Bruh Wolf, he ax um tuh make duh hoe stop. Bruh Wolf wohn say nuttn uhtall cuz he mad dat Bruh Rabbit steal he hoe. Den attuh a time he say, 'Slow, boy,' an duh hoe he stop wukkin. Den Bruh Wolf he pick up he hoe an carry um home."

115 By this time it had grown late, and the figures about the fire were shadows. From the direction of the marshes the wind was blowing more sharply and it was time to go home. Uncle Jack came up to say goodbye to us and said that he was going to spend the night on the river, shrimping. When we expressed surprise, he laughed and said that this was his usual custom.

Uncle Robert nodded in agreement. "We's at home in duh ribbuh," he said. "Bin out deah so many yeahs. Ain nuttn tuh be feahed ub."

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Sunbury

◆

123 OUR CAR CAME TO AN ABRUPT STOP IN THE SANDY road before the board fence which enclosed a small group of weather-beaten clapboard houses. We called to a young Negro girl who lounged in a doorway and she came forward to see what we wanted. Almost simultaneously there appeared from the other houses scattered about the clearing a number of other persons.

Two women about thirty-five years old and nine or ten small children all approached the fence. At first they were rather wary, but their attitude gradually turned to friendliness and they hung over the high board fence, talking and
• (115) laughing in great good humor. Elizabeth Roberts,* the
young girl whom we had first seen, appeared to be the leader of the group.

795 We were interested to know if these people had river baptisms any more. "Duh Sunbury Baptis Church an duh Palmyra Baptis Church both hab baptizins," Elizabeth told us. "Cose it depend on how many folks wants tuh leab duh Presbyterian Church an jine duh Baptis. Mos ub us is already baptize."

"Where do they hold the baptisms?" we inquired.

The group all pointed in the direction of the river. "Right obuh deah in duh Sunbury Ribbuh," they chorused.

(796) Elizabeth again took the initiative. "All duh candidates is robed in wite," she explained. "Duh preachuh come frum

(292) * *Elizabeth Roberts, Sunbury.*

775 tuh be plenty keahful bout duh spirits. Duh spirit is hungry jis lak duh pusson. Yuh hab tuh put food in duh ruhm fuh duh spirit tuh come eat."[58]

"Dat is duh truth," agreed young Elizabeth. "Ef duh spirit is hungry, it will sho come back an hant yuh."[58f]

This talk of spirits started us on a new train of thought and we were curious to learn of the local theories regarding ghosts and witches.

"Duh spirit nebuh go in duh groun wid duh body,"[56] volunteered Emma. "It jis wanduh roun. Dey come out wen duh moon is noo."

• [115] Mary Stevens,* whose short, stocky figure was clad in bright pink and who wore a sailor hat perched rakishly on her head, stated, "Duh spirits is ebryweah. Dey peah mosly at duh fus dahk an in duh middle night."

Young Elizabeth, too, had something to say about spirits. "I sees em all duh time," she said. "Dey dohn hurt yuh none, jis walk long wid yuh an talk. Some hab duh head on an some hab duh head off."[59a]

754 From ghosts and shadows of the night the discussion followed its natural course to even darker powers, such as conjure, evil roots, and counter charms. The little group glanced slyly at one another. It was in lowered tones that they volunteered remarks on this subject.

"We do heah bout folks rootin each udduh all duh time.[15] Yuh sho hab tuh be keahful. Some folks weahs a dime aw a
789 penny tied on duh ankle an wen it tun black, dey knows some-
[301] body is tryin tuh root em."[12a, c, d]

"What are the conjures made of?" we wanted to know.

"Dey make em uh haiah an nails an frum lots uh tings," we were told.[10c]

Elizabeth said, "Duh heabiest root I ebuh heard bout wuz a cunjuh made uh some funny oily stuff in a bottle. Duh enemy ketch duh pusson's spirit in dat bottle an dat wuz a

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* *Mary Stevens, Sunbury.*

754 powuhful spell.[8] Duh man fell sick an had tuh go tuh a root doctuh[48] fo he git cuod."

777 "Yuh sho hab bad luck ef yuh do a lot uh tings," warned one of the women. "Nobody ebuh carry a hoe aw a rake tru duh house. Das a bad sign."

"It's bad luck tuh carry wood on yuh shoulduh tru duh house," was added to this information.

777 "But it ain bad luck ef you weahs a Lucky Haht," in-
789 terposed Emma.

"And what is a Lucky Heart," we inquired.

"It's fuh good luck. All duh people roun yuh carries Lucky Hahts and Lucky Mojoes an sech tings."[8]

527 Respecting harvest festivals one of the women said, "I hab heah tell how dey dohn do dat no mo."[38]

535 "We do git tuhgedduh an hab dance an pahties an big
(178) suppuhs," stated another. Her eyes sparkled at the pleasant memory. "We does duh Snake Hip an duh Buzzud Lope."

The others chorused, "An addalas dance we did duh Fish Tail an duh Fish Bone an duh Camel Walk."[17]

535 All efforts failed to persuade the women to describe these dances. Evidently thinking of the antics of their neighbors at the recent dance they laughed repeatedly, shaking their heads and nudging one another but refusing to be cajoled into a demonstration.

•115 After learning that we wished to record the old customs as far back as possible, the women suggested that we visit Uncle Jonah,[*] who was the great grandfather of Elizabeth. In answer to repeated halloos the old man came trudging down the road. As he drew nearer the car, we could see that he was a spry, erect little figure, clad in a blue chambray shirt and a pair of dark trousers. Although he carried a gnarled stick for support, he appeared to move with considerable rapidity. His salutation was, "Dis is Uncle Jonah, duh man wut swalluh duh whale."

[*] *"Uncle Jonah," Sunbury.*

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115 Uncle Jonah told us that he was eighty-seven years of age and that he had been born on a plantation on Harris Neck. He had remained there until after the time "uh duh big raid," he said and he had been in Sunbury for a period of about sixty years.

829 When asked if he could remember any of the slaves who had come from Africa, a faraway expression came into his eyes. Finally he offered, "Yes'm, I membuh two. Ole man Ben an Sally dey bote come frum Africa. Dey sho use tuh use some funny wuds. Wen it would tunduh, dey would alluz say it wuz 'maulin a bumba.'"

829 538 (789) Uncle Jonah tried to recall some of the African stories he had heard in his youth. He knit his brows in deep thought. After a time he said, "I membuh heahin bout a boatload uh Nigguhs wut wuz bring frum Africa. Dey wuz kep hid in duh cabin till dey git tuh Sunbury. Wen dey let um out an dey see dey wuzn in Africa, dey jis take wing an fly back home. Cose now, ma'am, I didn see dis but I heah bout it many times."

Another story that the old man told us was as follows: "Deah wuz two countrymen wut bote come frum Africa libin on duh plantation. One uh dem die an dey bury um widout duh udduh knowin bout it. Pretty soon he lun bout how he frien die an he make um dig um up. He say he wannuh say a few wuds tuh um. Dey dig up duh man an he speak tuh um an den put um back in duh grabe. It wuz all right attuh he say goodbye."[80]

754 "Uncle Jonah," we asked, "do you remember much conjuring in those days?"

The white head nodded slowly. "Yes'm, deah sho wuz cunjuhin, but deah's mo cunjuhin[15] in deze days dan deah wuz in doze. I heah bout it all duh time roun yuh."

115 322 764 Our interview concluded, we set out in search of Siras Bowen, who, we had been told, carved wooden tombstones.[70a, b] We rode down the sandy, tree-lined road until we came to the

SUNBURY

115 Sunbury Baptist Church, a white frame building set back
322 from the highway against a background of verdant spread-
764 ing trees. The Bowen family burial ground was to the right of the church and here we discovered that Siras' skill in wood carving was manifested in many unusual markers.

764 These were wooden images (Plate XII),[A] set on graves
764 that were close together. One resembled a large bird; an-
322 other represented a snake writhing upon a stand; and the
532 third was the figure of a man, round and pole-like of body, with a head that resembled a ball and rudely sculptured features.[41a] Another Bowen marker was of clay painted yellow; in its surface was roughly cut the outline of an open hand with a small mirror glittering in the palm.

764 Most of the graves were decorated with possessions of the
764 departed persons.[47] There were many glasses, bottles, and vases, most of which had been turned a shimmering purple from long exposure to the sun. For a time we wandered through the little cemetery, reading the inscriptions on the various tombstones.

115 The same day we visited another cabin on the dirt road
115 leading back from Sunbury Bluff. We had already driven
(342) past the little two-room shack, painted green, its dark roof
(342) patched in many places, when our attention was attracted by a stout, middle-aged woman who was sitting on the porch idly playing with a long, dangerous looking knife. At once we reversed the gears and rolled backward to a stop. Near the woman was seated the husky figure of a young girl. She
(291) wore but one garment, a faded green dress which hung rag-
(291) gedly to about the knee. Beneath the skirt were large muscular legs that were twisted about the rungs of the chair. Long, staring yellow eyes looked out at us with disturbing,
(302) unblinking fixity. The girl's hair stood out stiffly in a num-
(302) ber of tight little braids. She was slowly, laboriously stringing weights on a fish net.

The older woman spoke at first in a grudging, reserved

A, [See Categories 322 & 764, plate following p. xxxii-L--Analyst]

115 manner. The girl continued her work on the fish net, occasionally glancing at us with that impenetrable expression.

[123] After much persuasion we gained the older woman's confidence and she spoke to us freely. She, too, attended the baptisms held by members of the two churches and also remembered various "settin-ups" she had gone to. She told

115 us that food was usually prepared for the watchers.

764 "Bread an coffee," she said, "das wut dey gie yuh at a settin-up."

262 "We thought they ate chicken," we remarked.

272 "No, dey dohn hab no chicken. Jis bread an coffee."

The subject of food led us to inquire if she knew of any

262 persons who refused to eat certain things.

"Muh huzbun wohn nebuh eat chicken. Ain nebuh eat it sence he wuz bawn, an needuh his mudduh befo him."[85]

"Why is that? Doesn't he like it?"

"Ain no mine wedduh he lak it aw ain lak it. He jis wohn eat it. Lots uh folks say deah's some food wut dey dohn eat. I nebuh eat rabbit. An none uh muh folks wouldn eat it needuh. Dey say it wuz no good tuh eat."

535 The conversation drifted on until the talk of food brought to the woman's mind gala occasions at which she had feasted and danced in her youth.

[533] "We use tuh dance all duh time tuh duh drums," she said. "We would dance roun an roun in a succle an clap our hans an sing. Dey would hab duh dances obuh on St. Catherine Ilun."

"How would you know when they were going to hold a dance?"

[202] "Dey beat duh drums on St. Catherine.[86] Den dey heah it at Harris Neck an folks deah tell all ub us yuh bout duh dance. We all go obuh tuh St. Catherine in a boat an dance an dance till mos daylight."

754 When the talk finally turned to roots and other potent

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Harris Neck

361 491 TURNING OFF FROM THE COASTAL HIGHWAY NEAR Riceboro a tree-shaded dirt road leads to Harris Neck, a remote little settlement connected to the mainland by a causeway and located about forty-eight miles south of Savannah. Narrow, rutted roads curve and turn unexpectedly through 361 the densely wooded area. Set singly or in little clusters of two or three and sometimes almost hidden by the trees and foliage are the houses of the inhabitants. There is a peaceful atmosphere about the entire island; life flows along in a smoothly gliding stream; the people seem satisfied for the most part with a simple, uneventful scheme of existence.

•115 The first house we stopped at was that of Ed Thorpe,* a familiar and well liked character in the section. A small, neatly inscribed placard placed near the gate bore the owner's name. The attractive house was set well back from [351] the road in a large grove of oak trees. A whitewashed fence protected the property.

The old man, who was eighty-three years old, was working in the side yard adjoining the house. His broad, erect shoulders and his bright alert eyes made him appear to be much younger than his actual age. He told us proudly that he had lived in this particular house for twenty-five years. Then he apologized because his present circumstances prevented him from having the house and fence repainted.

829 173 We discussed native Africans and Ed Thorpe remembered that his grandmother had come from Africa.

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* *Ed Thorpe, Harris Neck.*

HARRIS NECK

829 “She come frum Africa an uh name wuz Patience Spauld-
173 ing,” he began. “She tell me dat in Africa she use tuh eat
wile tings. I membuh she use tuh go out in duh woods roun
yuh an bring back some kine uh weed wut she cook. She call
it ‘lam quato.’ It look lak pokeberry tuh me.

“She say all duh people in Africa loves red. Das how dey
[567] ketch um. I mean duh folks wut bring um yuh as slabes.
Dey put up a red clawt weah dey would see it. Wen dey git
close tuh duh boat, dey grab um an bring um yuh. She say
das duh way dey ketch huh.

“Wen muh gran pray, she kneel down on duh flo. She bow uh head down tree time an she say ‘Ameen, Ameen, Ameen.’

829 “Muh gran say deah wuz lots uh cunjuh in Africa. Deah
wuz some men wut could make a pot bile widout fyuh an deah
173 wuz some wut could fly.[48, 69c] She tell me dat deah wuz
754 witches wut rode folks.[69] Dey could take off deah skins an
hang um up an go out as cats.[68] Wen dey come back duh
[789] nex mawnin, dey would put on duh skins. Deah is folks
roun heah tuhday wut says dey caahn sleep nights cuz duh
witches ride um.

775 “Folks say duh road tuh Maringo is hanted.[59] I use tuh
lib at Maringo some time back, but I nebuh did see no spirits.
Once I tink I see one. Wen I git closuh, it tun out tuh be a
big dog.”[54]

•115 Later that day we stopped at a neat whitewashed cottage
and talked for a while with Isaac Basden,* a blind basket-
285 maker[70a] about sixty years of age. The old man had learned
his trade during his youth before he had gone blind and now
supported himself comfortably in this manner.

We found him sitting in the front room, surrounded by
his work. A number of finished baskets were also in evidence.
285 They varied widely in size and shape and were all of the coil
type.[70i] Many were fanners, while there were also a number

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* *Isaac Basden, Harris Neck.*

285 of large round baskets, about twenty inches in diameter, with
matching covers that fitted well down over the rim. Isaac
used bulrushes and grasses for his material and worked with
a sure deft touch that insured sturdy construction.

533 He remembered that drums had been used for a variety of
534 purposes during his youth. He said, "I use tuh dance tuh
duh drum.[23] I recall wen dey beat duh drum tuh call duh
[202] people on Harris Neck tuhgedduh fuh a dance aw fewnul.[26]
Cose, dey hab a diffunt beat wen dey call um tuh a settin-up
aw fewnul frum duh one dey use tuh call um tuh a dance.
534 Deah wuz two kine uh drum. One dey call duh kittle drum,
an one wuz duh bass drum. It stan bout two an a half foot
764 high. Dey use tuh alluz hab a settin-up wen somebody die.
Wen folks would go tuh duh settin-up, dey would gib um
bread an coffee.[37b, c]

795 "Dey still hole ribbuh baptisms yuh. Dey git tuh duh
ribbuh an attuh dey pray an sing up on duh bank, duh
796 preachuh take duh candidates down in duh ribbuh. Fo he
[782] baptize each ub um, he say a prayuh tuh duh ribbuh an ax
fuh all duh sins tuh be wash away."[63]

775 Remembering what we had been told about the haunted
road to Maringo, we questioned Isaac and he said, "Yes'm,
I hab heah bout duh hanted road tuh Maringo on duh Young Man Road. Lots uh folks say deah is spirits roun deah.[59] Wen yuh try tuh pass duh fawk in duh road, duh spirits stop yuh sometime an wohn let yuh by. Some uh duh spirits mus be good, fuh Ise heahd one story bout a man who wuz passin by an all ub a sudden his hawse jis stop shawt in his tracks. Jis wouldn go anudduh step. Duh man try an try, but he couldn make duh hawse moob. Den he see a spirit come long an it take hole ub duh hawse bridle an lead him long. Duh hawse go right long. Den duh spirit disappeah. I hab heahd lots uh stories bout dat road but uh nebuh see nuttn muhsef."

•115 Our next interview was an unusually delightful one. Sit-

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•115 ting on the front porch of Liza Basden's* small, compactly
constructed brown house, we listened to her comments about
the prevailing beliefs and customs. The scene before us was
351 restful. The garden planted at the sides and front of the
house was enclosed by a low wire fence. Within this en-
closure a number of dogs and chickens scuttled about. At
406 a short distance from the house stood an iron pump and an
415 immense rusted iron pot, probably used in the past for boil-
ing clothes. On all sides as far as the eye could see were vast
133 stretches of green land, shaded by massive-trunked, moss-
137 draped trees and covered with an abundance of semi-tropical
foliage and underbrush. Here and there could be glimpsed
the slanting roofs of neighboring houses.

115 When we first arrived Liza, a pretty golden-skinned,
rather heavy-set woman about eighty years of age, and a
small black grandchild were the only occupants of the porch.
She told us she had recently come home from a visit to children in the North. Presently her husband and a daughter approached without speaking and sat down unobtrusively in a corner. For the most part they listened to the conversation, contributing only an occasional remark.

[845] "I wuz bawn with a caul," Liza told us, pausing in her task
of peeling and eating figs from the pan that she held in her
[787] lap. "That means I see ghos.[4] Least I could see em till
aftuh I stop havin chillun. Then I stop seein em.

[845] "Three of my chillun they bawn with cauls too. They wuz
always skedduh than othuhs. They wuz always fraid of the
dahk an nevuh lak tuh go off by themselfs. I nevuh know
jis wut they see."

775 "What did the ghost that you saw look like?" we inquired.
A reflective expression crossed Liza's round pleasant face
787 and she nodded her gray head with its neatly pinned braids.

"They peah jis as nachral as anybody. Most of em ain got no heads. Jis go right along down the path.[59] One time

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* *Liza Basden, Harris Neck.*

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759 aw sizzuhs tuh cut the pain. Once wen I wuz in pain a mid-
755 wife put a peah of sizzuhs unduh muh pilluh. All of a sudden the pain stop right quick. The pain wuz cut right off."[12b]

•115 Josephine Stephens,* one of the older residents of the island, lived a short distance from Liza Basden. Her house was set back several hundred yards from the highway in the midst of a large field. There was no pathway and in order to get to the house we had to cut directly through the field. As we neared the gate at the front of the house a tall gaunt woman, who we learned was Josephine's daughter, ran to meet us. It appeared that the mother had been ill for some time past and the younger woman had been caring for her.

As we talked with Josephine, the daughter stood in an adjoining room, ironing clothes. She stopped every now and then to take part in the conversation. The two women were utterly different types. Josephine, dressed becomingly in
(291) a blue and white checked gingham outfit, was the antebellum type of Negro. The daughter, tall, thin and dashing, and probably in her forties, represented a more modern era. She had on a blue checked sport shirt, a white skirt upon the surface of which was the dim outline of the trade name of a flour mill, and a pair of shiny black satin bedroom slippers. Her two front teeth were gold and shone and sparkled as she
(301) talked. Two large gold hoop earrings dangled beneath her close cropped straightened hair.

"I bin wukin ovuh at St. Simon," she explained to us. "Befo that I had a good job up Nawth. My mothuh git sick tho, an she need me tuh take keah of huh. That's why I come heah an stay. She gittin tuh be long in yeahs an caahn do so well by uhsef."

The mother did not know exactly how old she was but said she had been about fourteen at the close of the War between the States. We questioned her about her recollections of

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* *Josephine Stephens, Harris Neck.*

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115 early days, but her memory was rather clouded. She answered pleasantly, however, and when she was not talking to us mumbled softly to herself.

775 "I do know dat folks bawn wid a caul kin see spirits," [4]
787 she admitted. "Plenty uh folks roun yuh say duh spirits
845 peah tuh um." [59]

764 When we inquired about drums being beaten at funerals,
533 she shook her head stubbornly and refused to say anything on the subject.

The daughter, overhearing the conversation, paused in her task of ironing, and said, "Yes'm. Dasso. They beats the drum tuhday at the fewnul.[24] Specially ef yuh blongs tuh a awganization, they goes right along in the fewnul pruhcession an beats the drum as they mahch. I remembuh
202 heahin bout in the ole days they beat out messages on the drum.[26] Let the folks know wen sumpm wuz bout tuh happen. Wen they give a dance ovuh on St. Catherine, they beat the drum tuh let the folks heah know bout it."

764 At a funeral, the bottles and dishes and other possessions belonging to the departed person were left on the grave, the women informed us. "The spirit need these," [47] the younger
775 woman explained, "jis lak wen they's live. Evrybody mahch roun the grave in a succle an shout an pray."

262 We inquired if some people in the section were afraid to eat certain foods. Once more Josephine shook her head in negation.

The obliging daughter who listened intently to everything that was said again interceded. "I do heah bout that. Theah is some folks wut caahn eat suttn foods. They say it's bad luck an they nevuh do eat it. Right now theah's lots of foods wut some folks dohn eat." [65]

527 At this point in the conversation the older woman brightened and told us about the harvest festivals held during plantation days.

"We hab big feas. Ebrybody bring some ub duh fus

527 crops. We all gib tanks fuh duh crop an we dance an sing."[38]

•115 Shortly after this she again fell to mumbling and muttering unintelligibly and seemed unwilling to be drawn again into the conversation. She did confide in us that she had lived in her house for over fifty-eight years and she proudly displayed her immaculate blue outfit which she said her daughter had recently purchased for her. As it was growing late and we had other interviews to obtain in the vicinity, we concluded our visit. The two women urged us to return soon. Setting out again to make an uncertain jagged path across the field, we looked back and saw Josephine, a rather tragic tall figure huddled at the end of the porch. The daughter waved gaily. Her gold earrings glinted in the sun.

When we found Anna Johnson,* she was standing in the front yard of Ed Thorpe's talking with a tall middle-aged woman who, we later learned, was Rosa Sallins,** her niece and Liza Basden's daughter.

The two women walked over to the car and greeted us. 759 We inquired about the various methods the midwife employed and she said, "Tuh cut a pain yuh use a shahp instrument, 755 lak a knife, aw a peah of sizzuhs. Yuh put it unduh duh pilluh on duh bed. Duh pusson who is sick musn see yuh do it aw it wohn wuk. Sometime yuh use a smoothin ion. Dat cut duh pain too."[12b]

775 Rosa, who had been rather impatiently waiting an opportunity to speak, now offered, "Lots ub duh chillun bawn 845 wid a caul. Ef dey is bawn wid a caul, dey kin see spirits."[4]

787 The midwife looked solemn. "Folks hab tuh be mighty keahful wen duh chile is bawn lak dat. Ef dey dohn do sumpm bout it, duh chile will be hanted all its life. It'll alluz be fraid uh ghos."[59]

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* *Anna Johnson, Harris Neck.*
** *Rosa Sallins, Harris Neck.*

764 tings, den duh udduhs in duh fambly will die too. Dey will
[761] folluh right long. Folks alluz hab two fewnuls. We hab
one wen dey die an den once a yeah we hab a suhvice fuh
ebrybody wut died durin duh yeah.[42] Duh preachuh say
a prayuh fuhrum all."

795 From this source we obtained added verification of the fact
that river baptisms were still held.

"We alluz baptize on duh ebb tide," said Rosa. "Duh
[783] watuh washes duh sin away. Duh preachuh pray up on
[782] duh bank an den wen he baptize duh candidate, he pray tuh
duh ribbuh tuh take away duh sins." [63]

527 Later in the conversation the women recalled harvest
festivals [38] that had been held many years before. "Dat wuz
alluz a big time." Anna's rather somber face lit up at the
remembrance of the festive occasion. "Ebrybody bring
some ub duh fus crop tuh duh chuch an we prepeahs a big
[782] feas. We pray an gib tanks fuh duh crop an pray fuh duh
[535] nex yeah. We all eat an sing an dance. One uh duh dances
call duh Buzzud Lope.[17] We still dance dat tuhday."

Rosa told us proudly that she was a granddaughter of
• 115 Katherine Basden who had been recognized as a leader among
[554] the Negroes in the section.

"Me an muh brudduh wuz muh granmudduh's favorites," she said. "She alluz said she lak us bettuhn all duh udduh chillun. Wen I wuz only bout twelve yeahs ole, she tell me wen I grow up I would take huh place an carry on duh wuk she wuz doin."

[533] Moving her powerful shoulders in rhythm and clapping
her hands together, the woman sang us a song that her
grandmother had crooned to new-born babies as she held
them in her arms. The words were, for the most part, indistinguishable. Over and over we caught one repeated
phrase, "nikki yimi, nikki yimi."

[763] "Muh granmudduh wuz took very sick. She knew she
wuz gonuh die. Dat wuz jis wen muh oldes chile wuz bawn.

115 763 Muh granmudduh jis refuse tuh die fo she seen me an duh baby. She say she hab tuh see us fo she die. Ebry day she ax fuhrus. She git weakuh an weakuh but she jis wohn die. Wen duh baby wuz a few days ole, I git dress an go tuh see uh. Fus I wuz fraid tuh bring duh baby intuh duh sick ruhm fuh dey say it bad luck fuh somebody bout tuh die tuh look at a baby. Sometime duh baby die too. I tell dis tuh muh gran an she laugh at me an tell me she ain gonuh take duh baby wid uh. Den I bring duh baby in an she sing tuh uh an hole uh in uh ahms. She tell me she wuz gonuh die now an dat I wuz tuh continue uh wuk wid duh folks yuh. Right attuh dat she die."

115 (123) For a while longer the woman chatted on in a friendly manner, discussing various incidents that had taken place in the neighborhood. In parting they presented us graciously with some fresh figs from the garden and asked us to visit them again whenever we returned to the settlement.

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Pine Barren Near Eulonia

122 [491] AFTER THE MUDDY RUTS THROUGH THE PINE clearing had ended, there was no road, and the car jerked and bounded about among the pine trees. The soft brown needles made better traveling than the boggy wagon tracks that were behind us, but our method of procedure was rather bewildering, for there was no mark by which to retrace our tracks. As we went deeper into the pine woods there was no sign of habitation.

(115) Our driver,* who had offered to help us when our car had stuck in the bog, was a six-foot, shiny black Negro, strong necked and lithe, with a twelve-inch hunting knife strapped to his hip. We had never seen him before, nor the smaller Negro beside him on the front seat. In the back seat we were concerned with our feet, which rested precariously among loose cartridge shells. We feared that a sudden jolt from a pine stump might make us stamp down on the shells and explode them.

361 Suddenly we came upon a reed and paling fence higher than the head of a tall man. There was nothing to be seen over the top of it, no sign of occupation. We drove around to the side where, protected by some feathery bushes, a small opening hardly distinguishable from the palings led into an enclosure. Scattered without plan about a smooth sand clearing were three or four small unpainted wooden cabins, two connected by a narrow board walk just above the ground. Other smaller structures, sheds, and work tables were placed

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* *Reuben Taylor, Eulonia.*

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361 helter-skelter about the enclosure. There was some wire
(231) fencing, but dogs, cats, chickens, a litter of very young
puppies, and an old rooster roamed at will. Sunning them-
461 selves against a cabin wall were two old women, and from
the windows of another cabin popped the heads of three
123 curious younger women. An open door suddenly gave forth several children, smiling and scantily clad, shining eyes and surprised faces upturned to the strangers.

123 The two elderly women rose and came forward to greet us. Our guide explained our mission and inquired as to the whereabouts of Uncle Ben Washington, with whom we wished
• (115) to talk. Aunt Sarah,* who was Uncle Ben's wife, explained that her husband had gone to work in the woods early that morning.

A glance at the dense forest surrounding the little clearing convinced us that Uncle Ben would be unlikely to hear the halloos with which our guides were attempting to summon him.

115 Just as we were about to abandon the venture a unique figure appeared inside the fence and Reuben Taylor, the older of our guides, exclaimed, "Deah's Uncle Ben now."
(291) Uncle Ben ** appeared in a long frock coat and high felt hat, carrying a walking stick. It was difficult to understand how he could have worked in such a costume. He seemed young for the eighty-five years he claimed, for he moved about with considerable agility.

As he drew nearer, Aunt Sarah went forward to greet him and the two old people came toward us together. When we again explained about the information we were seeking, Uncle Ben said with grave courtesy that he was glad to have visitors.

(361) Thinking of the precarious journey that lay behind us and wondering how far from the main road this little settlement

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(829) * *Sarah Washington, in the pine woods about five miles from Eulonia.*

** *Ben Washington, in the pine woods about five miles from Eulonia.*

•115 might be, we asked Uncle Ben how often he went to town.
361 He shook his head slowly. "We dohn nebuh go tuh duh
829 road," he said. "We got ebryting we needs right yuh."

Aunt Sarah nodded her gray head in agreement. "Seems lak we libed yuh fuh mos ub our libes," she stated simply. "We built deze houses wen we fus come yuh. All duh chillun wuz raise yuh an we nebuh take up no time wid duh folks on duh outside. Nebuh did set no sto by mixin wid strainjuhs an sech doins."

Incredible as it seemed, they were speaking the truth. For half a century they had lived in this isolated spot, only a few miles from a frequently traversed highway.

754 Despite their evident liking for solitude the old couple were not averse to answering our questions. "Is there much conjure and magic around here, Uncle Ben?" we asked.

"I heah tell uh tings lak dat," he answered and looked up with a sly quizzical smile. "Ise heahd bout bein cunjuhed an I know fuh true deah's sech tings as magic." Uncle Ben chuckled, "Ef yuh ebuh see a cross mahk in duh road, yuh nebuh walk obuh it. Das real magic. Yuh hab tuh go roun it. It's put deah by a enemy an ef yuh walks cross it, duh ebil spell will cause yuh hahm.[15] Duh cross is a magic sign an hab tuh do wid duh spirits."

[759] "Ef dat happens," said Aunt Sarah, "reckon bout duh only ting yuh could do would be tuh see a root doctuh.[4a] He gib yuh sumpm wut cuos yuh." [6]

[789] Uncle Ben turned to us. "Lots uh folks carry hans all duh time an dis bring em luck an keep duh ebil spirits away." [8, 12a, c, d]

[789] The old man seemed unable to describe these good luck charms, but he was more successful in describing the charms used in conjuring an enemy.

"Dey is made mosly frum haiah aw nails an lots uh times duh dus frum yuh foot track," he said.[7]

Aunt Sarah's face darkened. "Ain nobody git my haiah"

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Possum Point

491 A WINDING TREE-SHADED DIRT ROAD LEADS FROM
Darien up the Altamaha to the Negro community of Possum
(132) Point. The freshets in the section rise in the rainy season
and the road is often flooded. On either side the trees are
mirrored in the shallow water which surrounds them. In the
137 spring against the fresh green of the trees and foliage there
is the soft color of wild honeysuckle and Cherokee Rose.
Through the thickly-massed trees the sun filters dimly; a
misty, unreal atmosphere overhangs the entire scene.

342 Set back from the roadway are occasional small dwelling
places, with boards turned dun-colored from age and exposure.
351 Neatly tended vegetable and flower gardens stretch
out to the front and sides of the houses. The owners can be
461 found industriously working in the gardens, sitting on the
porches, or gathered in little groups along the road. Here
(491) and there small bridges span the road, and at each of these
a number of persons are often seen leisurely fishing, their
long bamboo poles forming graceful arcs from the bank to
the water.

•115 We had been told that Alec Anderson was an old man and
one who would be able to enlighten us regarding the beliefs
prevalent in that section. We stopped a few times to inquire
491 where he lived. After continuing for several miles, the road
turned to the right. It swerved again a short distance later
and continued in a narrow, uneven pathway through the
361 woods. This section was but sparsely settled and we
glimpsed a cabin only now and then.

POSSUM POINT

342 At length we came upon a neatly kept house enclosed by
351 a wire fence set back from the road. In the distance we
could see a bent and stocky figure trudging toward us along
the road and this we thought might be Alec. At one side of
[406] the house was a garden; at the other side the sprawling
branches of an old oak tree shaded an iron pump and an
[415] ancient black iron pot used for boiling clothes. Chickens
[231] scuttled about the yard and a small black puppy, dozing in
the sun, awoke at our approach.

•115 On the porch a group of Negroes were seated. A plump, elderly woman, a young girl and two small children watched with interest as we approached.

The older woman was Rachel,* Alec Anderson's wife (Plate XIV).[A] She scarcely appeared to be the seventy-three years she admitted. Her round good-natured face was framed with a number of tight little gray braids on top of
which perched a small brown felt hat. Her green blouse and
[291] red skirt were worn but clean and her bare brown feet
peeped out from under the voluminous skirt. The younger woman was reticent but friendly, and the two children watched the proceedings with wide-eyed concern.

The man we had noticed walking down the road turned in
at the gateway, and as we had surmised this was Alec (Plate
[291] XIII).**[B] He was clad in a pair of faded and torn blue
overalls and a battered felt hat. Thick-lensed brown glasses
[416] did not entirely hide amiable, intelligent eyes. With profound courtesy the old man greeted us and started in to chat in a pleasant, unselfconscious manner.

754 "Cose yuh do heah bout cunjuh," he told us. "But I nebuh bodduh much wid dat kine uh ting. Deah's plenty uh folks wut does belieb in it an I hab heah uh strange tings happenin tuh some folks wut hab spells put on um." [15]

Here Rachel interrupted. "I alluz bun muh haiah com-

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* *Rachel Anderson, Possum Point.*
** *Alec Anderson, Possum Point.*

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-N--Analyst]
B, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-M--Analyst]

754 bins cuz das wut mos folks make cunjuh outuh.[10] Ef dey git yuh haiah, yuh hab to do any ting dey wahn yuh tuh."

Alec stated solemnly, "Some folks is alluz sayin dat spirits is bodduhin um.[59] Nebuh hab trouble wid um muhsef."

[789] This was explained by Rachel who said that they knew a horse-shoe was an excellent remedy for "keeping duh hant away." [8]

"Witches come in at night an ride yuh too," [69] said Alec. "Jis ride duh folks till some ub um gits so po dey jis pass way."

754 231 We asked if they had ever heard that a frizzled chicken could dig up conjure laid down for a victim and they both nodded in affirmation.

"Chicken kin sho dig up cunjuh.[13a] Alluz hab heah uh dat," they echoed.

•115 Alec told us that he had been born three years before freedom. He dwelt for a time on those long-past days and recollected some of the customs that had been prevalent then.

533 "Use tuh alluz beat duh drum at fewnuls. Right attuh
764 duh pusson die, dey beat um tuh tell duh udduhs bout duh
fewnul. Dey beat a long beat. Den dey stop. Den dey
202 beat anudduh long beat. Ebrybody know dat dis mean
763 somebody die. Dey beat duh drum in duh nex settlement
tuh let duh folks in duh nex place heah." [26]

202 We had previously been told of a similar means of communication employed by the people in this section in former years. At various points large metal discs were hung on [534] trees and posts. On these messages had been beaten out and relayed from place to place. In this manner the people were informed of dances, picnics, meetings, wakes, and other such gatherings.[26]

764 The old couple went on to describe what took place at a wake.

"Wen dey fix duh cawpse, dey put pennies on duh eyes an

262 had known of people who were "fuhbid tuh eat eel fish mong
777 udduh tings."[65]

Our visit was such a pleasant one that we stayed for a
•115 while longer to talk. The household was an unusually contented and peaceful one. The old couple were apparently
(737) satisfied with a simple scheme of existence although Alec did
venture the usual remark regarding his old-age pension.
"Sho would lak tuh hab it, missus. Mebbe yuh kin git dem
gubment folks tuh see dat I gits it."

When we were about ready to leave, a middle-aged daughter,
581 who had been lingering at the gateway, came up and
587 joined the group. She confided that she had been married to
one man for thirty years, but that he had died and she had
recently remarried. This second marriage was evidently not
(593) so successful, for she said, "Dis huzbun ain lak duh fus one.
He's triflin an ain sech a good providuh. Wen I loss duh
fus huzbun, I sho loss ebryting."

593 At that time Rachel and Alec had been married for fifty-
115 seven years and during all this period there had been few
differences or unpleasant happenings. As Alec escorted us
to the car he told us of his high regard for his wife, assuring
us in conclusion, "I ain nebuh had no trouble wid uh. Ain
so much as tech uh wid a pocket hankuhchuh sence I done
bin had uh."

115 A little later we went to visit Susan Maxwell,* who was
sitting on the porch of her house when we drove up. She
was about ninety-two years old and, having been ill recently,
was snugly wrapped up in a variety of garments.

The house, she told us, was about one hundred years old.
342 A hall ran from the front to the back part, and from the back
porch a passage led to a lean-to kitchen. A barn near the
(343) house was about to collapse from age and lack of repair.
In the yard a black ox lay chained under a tree and a large

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231 * *Susan Maxwell, Possum Point.*

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795 tize on duh ebb tide cuz duh ribbuh is spose tuh wash duh
796 sins away.[63] All duh folks sing a song called *All Muh Sins*
783 *Done Wash Away.*"
(533) There were several white chickens wandering about the
231 yard and Susan told us that her principal reason for keep-
754 ing them was that they possessed the power to dig up conjure.[13]

829 We asked the old woman if she had ever known any Africans, and she said, "I know one man. He name Primus O'Neal. He come frum Africa an he talk funny talk. He call a pot a 'jam.' I membuh he say, 'Lemme cook sumpm fuh nyam.' He mean sumpm fuh tuh eat."

•115 It later developed that this same Primus O'Neal was the grandfather of Rosa Grant * whom we found living in a small gray cottage on the Townsend Road. Rosa was sixty-five years old, with copper-colored skin and rather aquiline features.

115 We asked about her grandfather and she told us some of the things of which she had heard him speak.

829 "He tell me dey nebuh hab tuh plant in Africa. Dey gadduh wile okra an palmettuh cabbage fuh food frum duh forres. He tell bout a wine call 'figlin watuh' dat dey drink in Africa. But he nebuh say jis how dey make it.

115 "Muh gran come frum Africa too. Huh name wuz Ryna.
782 I membuh wen I wuz a chile seein muh gran Ryna pray.
829 Ebry mawnin at sun-up she kneel on duh flo in uh ruhm an
bow obuh an tech uh head tuh duh flo tree time. Den she say a prayuh. I dohn membuh jis wut she say, but one wud she say use tuh make us chillun laugh. I membuh it wuz 'ashamnegad.' Wen she finish prayin she say 'Ameen, ameen, ameen.'

829 "She talk plenty bout cunjuh.[15] Say dat wen a pusson bin made tuh swell up frum a ebil spell, dey got tuh hab somebody tuh pray an drag fuhrum. Ef yuh hab a pain aw

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* *Rosa Grant, Townsend Road, Possum Point.*

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Darien

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361 THE NEGROES OF THE DARIEN SECTION, MANY OF whom live in small scattered communities outside the town,
186 are proud of their Darien ancestry. When the younger people
migrate to larger communities, it is a common thing to
hear them say proudly, "My people come frum Darien."

361 One of the most typical settlements is opposite the Todd
Grant Negro School. A few houses are clustered about the
[368] knoll facing the school building, and more dilapidated board
shacks are scattered over the little hill. At the top is Aunty
[342] Jane Lewis' cabin, surrounded by small sheds and fenced
[343] patches of ground where chickens and a goat are kept from
wandering too far. At the north a few cypress trees straggle
[351] off to the wood. A sturdy bush provides the sunny drying
[415] ground for the gourds that later will be used as water
[824] dippers.

Aunty Jane * claims that she is one hundred and fifteen
years old, and to see the small bent woman with the deeply
• 115 lined black skin and filmy eyes is to believe her claim. Her
voice is high pitched, with the thin timbre of extreme age,
but she still moves with sudden agile gestures. During our
[535] conversation she hopped up from the steps and began to do
the Buzzard Lope [17] to illustrate her story.

115 "I belong tuh Robert Toodle wut lib in Nawt Calina an
he sole me down yuh wen Ise twenty-one. I ain membuh
567 much bout Nawt Calina but uh membuhs plenty bout duh ole
days yuh, cuz I bin yuh neah bout a hunnud yeahs. I be-

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* *Jane Lewis, Darien.*

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567 longs tuh Huger Barrett an Ise one uh duh bes fiel hans on Picayune Plantation."

764 We interrupted the old woman's reminiscences about plantation days to question her about funeral customs.

[567] "We didn alluz hab too much time fuh big fewnul in dem days cuz deah wuz wuk tuh be done an ef yuh ain do yuh wuk, yuh git whipped. Lots uh time dey jis dig a hole in duh groun an put duh body in it, but wenebuh we kin, we hab a settin-up."

We asked Aunty Jane if they used to provide plenty of food for the mourners.

[178] "Yes'm, dey sho did hab regluh feastes in dem days, but tuhday, at mos settin-ups, yuh dohn git nuttn but coffee an bread.[37b, c] Den dey would cook a regluh meal an dey would kill a chicken in front uh duh doe, wring he neck an cook um
[782]
[775] fuh duh feas.[35c] Den wen we all finish, we take wut victuals lef an put it in a dish by duh chimley an das fuh duh sperrit tuh hab a las good meal.[38] We cubbuh up duh dish an deah's many a time Ise heah dat sperrit lif um. We ain preach duh suhmon wen we bury um but we waits a wile so's all duh relations kin come."

[777] "Is it bad luck to steal from a grave?" we wanted to know.
[782]
[775] "Bad luck?" repeated Aunty Jane. "Sho it bad luck. Dem dishes an bottles wut put on duh grabe is fuh duh sperrit an it ain fuh nobody tuh tech um.[84] Das fuh duh sperrit tuh feel at home.[47] Wen he die fah off, we bring um home tuh bury um, dohn leh no strainjuh be bury wid um. Yuh gib people wut ain belong tuh yuh anudduh piece uh groun tuh be bury in.[3] We alluz hab two fewnul fuh duh pusson.
[769] We hab duh regluh fewnul wen yuh die. Den once a yeah we hab one big preachin fuh ebrybody wut die dat yeah."[43]

754 Aunty Jane looked up slyly when we asked her if she believed in conjure.

"I ain belieb in um muhsef but deah's plenty wut do. Ise had Ellen Hammond libin wid me. She die las yeah. She sho

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535 point Aunty Jane rose to give us an exhibition of two dances, the Buzzard Lope and the Snake Hip.[17]

361 Across the highway from Aunty Jane's settlement, about
one mile north of Darien, back of a turpentine still, is an irregular settlement of small houses, most of which are enclosed by high dilapidated paling fences. Here Wallace
115 Quarterman * occupied a cabin with his daughter, Abby
Gibson. Wallace was old but with a clear mind, and he enjoyed a high standing in his community. We felt that he would know about the old beliefs and customs.

[361] We left the highway on a narrow dirt road, little more
than a path through the bush, and after much winding in
[351] and out we came upon a street of Negro cabins with their
enclosed yards, vegetable patches, and tumbled down sheds. Wallace was sitting on the porch of Abby's house. Lizzie Sanders volunteered to be our guide and paid a visit to Wallace along with us.

We asked him how old he was and where he was born.

"Ise bawn July 14, 1844. Now figguh dat out fuh yuhsef, missus. Ise bawn at Sout Hampton, Libuty County, an
[567] I belong tuh Roswell King, but he done die long bout sometime in duh fifties an Ise sole fuh debt tuh Cunl Fred Waring on Skidaway Ilun. Ise bin bout fifteen wen I sen tuh Skidaway."

124 For a long time we had wanted to establish some connection with Skidaway Island that reached back before the War between the States. We questioned Wallace about the church on Skidaway.

796 "We sho did hab big time goin tuh chuch in doze days.
Not many uh deze Nigguhs kin shout tuhday duh way us
[534] could den. Yuh needs a drum fuh shoutin."

We asked if they shouted to a drum then.

534 "We sho did. We beat a drum at duh chuch an we beat a
533 drum on duh way tuh duh grabeyahd tuh bury um. We

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764 * *Wallace Quarterman, Darien. Deceased autumn, 1938.*

567 gits tuhgedduh an stick duh hoe in duh fiel an den say
829 'quack, quack, quack,' an dey riz up in duh sky an tun hesef
789 intuh buzzuds an fly right back tuh Africa."[68b, 69a]

At this, we exclaimed and showed our astonishment.

"Wut, you ain heah bout um? Ebrybody know bout um. Dey sho lef duh hoe stannin in duh fiel an dey riz right up an fly right back tuh Africa."

Had Wallace actually seen this happen, we asked.

"No, ma'am, I ain seen um. I bin tuh Skidaway, but I knowd plenty wut did see um, plenty wut wuz right deah in duh fiel wid um an seen duh hoe wut dey lef stickin up attuh dey done fly way."

•115 This story of the flying Africans seemed to be a familiar
one, for it was later repeated to us by William Rogers,* who
[789] lived about a mile from Darien on the Cowhorn Road. We
had been told that he had been a cabinet maker in his youth
[322] and still spent much of his spare time in the carving of a variety of objects. The old man was evidently well known in the vicinity, for upon inquiry neighbors quickly directed us to his house.

Because a short time ago a fire had destroyed Rogers' home and most of his possessions, we found him living in an unfinished cottage which was as yet unpainted except for the bluish-green trimming on all the window facings. In spite of the apparent newness of the house, there was a pleasant
homelike atmosphere about it. Proof of Rogers' skill was
[322] demonstrated in scroll-work which decorated the porch and in a cupboard and fine square chimney in the dining room which the old man and his wife were building.

Rogers, who was seventy-two years old, was small of stature with copper-colored skin and alert black eyes. His manner was affable and friendly despite the fact that a recently suffered paralytic stroke had partially deprived him of the use of his hands. He told us that his grandmother had been

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* *William Rogers, Cowhorn Road, Darien.*

•115 one-quarter Indian. While we were on the subject of Indians, he remembered a rusty part of an old Indian gun which he had found in the vicinity. Displaying this, he explained in detail how the trigger struck a piece of flint, thereby igniting the powder.

322 532 (412) We inquired about his wood carving and he showed us some of the wooden figures about which we had been told. One of these, a spoon of cedar, was about a foot in length and had the roughly-sculptured head of a man on its handle (Plate IIc).[41e] A The head was square in shape, the features were only slightly raised, and the eyes were nail heads.[41e] Another item was a frog [41f] which, with eyes of brass nail heads, crouched on a block of wood (Plate IVc). B The frog and the stand had been carved from a solid piece of wood [70f, h] and lightly varnished.

As we left, the old man promised us, "Wen I gits muh hans back intuh use, I hopes tuh cahve a cane wid a gatuh on it lak duh ones I made long ago. Wen I do, I sho sen it tuh yuh."

We had no idea that we would hear from him again, but a few months later he wrote us that he had made a stick especially for us. This proved to be of stout cedar carved with a large alligator and topped with the bust of a Negro man cut all in one with the body of the stick and painted black to signify his race (Plate IVa). B The smooth, almost square, protruding skull of the figure, its small, high-set ears, broad mouth, blue bead eyes driven in by minute steel nailheads, and little short arms with four-fingered hands are all noteworthy points. The alligator's eyes are also blue beads driven in by nailheads.

361 After leaving William Rogers, we retraced our way back over the winding dirt roadway into Darien and from the town we drove eastward through a residential section. The houses here were substantial and attractive, surrounded by

A, [See Category 322, plate following p. xxxii-B--Analyst]

B, [See Category 322, plate following p. xxxii-D--Analyst]

361 trim lawns, and the thoroughfare was shaded by old moss-hung trees. After a distance the road narrowed; for a time there were no houses in sight; then we came to the Low Bluff community. Negro cabins dotted the landscape and the settlement terminated at a grassy bluff where stood the last small house.

•115 We were looking for Priscilla McCullough* and the
obliging neighbors directed us to her house. It stood to the
342 left of the roadway, a queer haphazard little dwelling place
that looked like something out of a fairy tale. It was a
tumble-down house, painted white, its roof patched with
pieces of loose roofing which overlapped one another and
[351] hung down some distance in the front. An irregular fence
made alternately of board and wire surrounded it. The tiny
[352] porch was crowded with old pieces of furniture and miscellaneous
items, including half of a tattered screen which hung
[343] at one side. Near the house a second building leaned at such
a precarious angle that it could be expected to tumble over
momentarily.

115 We made our way down the little dirt walk and into the
house and there in the center of the room sat Priscilla. She
was sewing on a mattress which almost filled the small space.
Even the bizarre exterior had not prepared us for the appearance
of the inside of the house. Here again there was
[353] so much crowded together that it took a while before separate
articles could be clearly seen. Jumbled closely around
Priscilla was a mass of furniture, each article of which was
in turn almost hidden by a burden of clothing, dishes, bottles,
pictures, and items too numerous to mention.

[416] Priscilla adjusted her eyeglasses which were tied on with a shoestring and told us something of her early life. She said she had been "bawn tree yeahs fo freedom in Sumtuh, Sout Calina." As quite a young woman she had moved to

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* *Priscilla McCullough, near Darien.*

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• 115 Georgia but still retained many pleasant recollections of the days of her early youth. She had heard of many African customs and went on to tell us some of these.

829 "I heahd many time bout how in Africa wen a girl dohn ack jis lak dey should, dey drum uh out uh town. Dey jis beat duh drum, an call uh name on duh drum an duh drum say bout all duh tings she done.[26] Dey drum an mahch long an take duh girl right out uh town.

"Girls hab tuh be keahful den. Dey caahn be so triflin lak some ub em is now. In Africa dey gits punished. Sometime wen dey bin bad, dey put um on duh banjo. Dat wuz in dis country." 626

This being "put on duh banjo" was unintelligible to us and we asked for an explanation.

"Wen dey play dat night, dey sing bout dat girl an dey tell all bout uh. Das puttin uh on duh banjo. Den ebrybody know an dat girl sho bettuh change uh ways."

829 789 569 The story of flying Africans was a familiar one to the old woman and she said that her mother had often told her the following incident which was supposed to have taken place on a plantation during slavery times.

"Duh slabes wuz out in duh fiel wukin. All ub a sudden dey git tuhgedduh an staht tuh moob roun in a ring. Roun dey go fastuhnfastuh. Den one by one dey riz up an take wing an fly lak a bud.[68b, 69c] Duh obuhseeuh heah duh noise an he come out an he see duh slabes riz up in duh eah an fly back tuh Africa. He run an he ketch duh las one by duh foot jis as he wuz bout tuh fly off. I dohn know ef he wuz neah nuff tuh pull um back down an keep um frum goin off."

115 As we left, Priscilla accompanied us down the walk to the gateway. She was reluctant to see us go and until the last minute regaled us with a variety of stories.

We had learned that an elderly Negro named Lawrence Baker * lived out on the Ridge Road near the Ridgeway Club.

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* *Lawrence Baker, the Ridge Road, near Darien.*

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000 Club. We followed the road for about two miles and came finally to a signpost directing us to turn right in order to reach the club. This section in former times had been occupied by extensive plantation holdings. Most of these estates had been deserted for years and now and then we saw a house, once evidently charming but now in a dilapidated and crumbling condition.

Through an old gateway to what had once been a prosperous estate we rode past acres now weed-grown and neglected. At last we came upon a one story white plantation house. Inside blinds were at all of the French windows and the wide floor boards gave indication that the house had probably been standing for about one hundred years.

The man for whom we were looking was plowing in a field
•115 at the rear. Baker's rugged build and his keen intellect made it difficult to believe that he was in his late seventies. For years he had acted as caretaker of the club and often lived in the plantation house, as it had been unoccupied for some time.

533 He had heard of the custom of beating drums to warn
people of a recent death. He said, "Dey use tuh alluz beat
763 duh drum aw blow duh hawn wen somebody die.[24] Dey beat
202 two licks on duh drum, den dey stop, den dey beat tree licks.
Wen yuh beat dat, yuh know somebody done die.[24, 26] Lots
534 uh duh drums wuz home-made. Dey wuz made out uh goat
(237) skin aw coon skin wut stretch out obuh hoops.[25] Deah wuz
tree sizes uh drums. Deah wuz duh big barrel drum. It wuz highuhn it wuz cross. Den deah wuz a lill drum frum twelve tuh fifteen inches wide an bout eighteen inches high. Duh udduh drum wuz duh medium size, kine uh in between duh udduh two. Duh big drum wuz duh one dey beat at duh wake. Dey use drums at dances an meetins, too.

764 "Wen we hab a fewnul, we all mahch roun duh grabe in a ring. We shout an pray."

795 We wanted to know if river baptisms were always held
783

SAPELO ISLAND

361 Small Negro settlements are scattered at the north end of
491 Sapelo and are reached by winding roads that cut through
the tropical woodlands and brush. The Negroes are descendants
461 of the slaves of the plantation era. Many lead an
easy, carefree life which consists chiefly of fishing, crabbing,
and cultivating a small patch of garden, while others engage
in regular employment at the sawmill or in the company
offices.

178 Living an isolated island existence, these Negroes have
preserved many customs and beliefs of their ancestors, as
well as the dialect of the older coastal Negro. An old oxcart
(493) (Plate XVI),[A] jogging along a tree shaded road is a familar
sight, and under the guidance of a Negro boy named Julius
(412) we discovered instances of crude wooden implements in common
usage. The many Negroes interviewed gave a graphic
(124) picture of survival elements that have persisted since the
days when slave ships brought their ancestors to the new
country.

115 One of the oldest inhabititants is Katie Brown (Plate
XV),*[B] whose grandmother, Margaret, was a daughter of
Belali Mohomet, the Mohammedan slave driver of Thomas
Spalding. Katie, sunning herself on the back steps of her
small house, was disposed to be gracious to us. Shaking her
(123) head at the size of the shoes brought to her as an incentive to
conversation, she relented at the sight of some pipe tobacco
and began to talk:

533 "I dunno bout drums at chuches. Use tuh hab um long
534 time ago, but not now on duh ilun,—leas I ain heah um.
Hahves time wuz time fuh drums. Den dey hab big times.[38]
527 Wen hahves in, dey hab big gadderin. Dey beat drum,
rattle dry goad wid seed in um, an beat big flat tin
plates.[23, 25] Dey shout an moob roun in succle an look lak
mahch goin tuh heabm. Hahves festival, dey call it."

764 In response to our query about "set-ups" Katie replied,

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* *Katie Brown, Sapelo Island.*

A, [See Category 493, plate following p. xxxii-U--Analyst]
B, [See Category 142, plates following p. xxxii-Q and R--Analyst]

829 Hestuh she Shad's gran. Yuh knows Shad? Bentoo she duh younges. Magret she my gran."

We asked if Belali Mohomet had been related to Belali Sullivan on St. Simons.

"I ain know bout St. Simon but Cotto use tuh talk bout cousin Belali Sullivan.

"Yes'm, I membuh muh gran too. Belali he frum Africa but muh gran she come by Bahamas. She speak funny wuds
829 we didn know. She say 'mosojo' an sometime 'sojo' wen she mean pot. Fuh watuh she say 'deloe' an fuh fyuh she say
192 'diffy.' She tell us, 'Tak sojo off diffy.'

"Wen sumpm done she say, 'Bim-boga-rum.' Yuh tell uh sumpm wut is a suhprise lak somebody die, den she say, 'Ma-foo-bey, ma-foo-bey.'

829 "She ain tie uh head up lak I does, but she weah a loose wite clawt da she trow obuh uh head lak veil an it hang loose on uh shoulduh. I ain know wy she weah it dataway, but I tink she ain lak a tight ting roun uh head.

829 "She make funny flat cake she call 'saraka.' She make um same day ebry yeah, an it big day. Wen dey finish, she
252 call us in, all duh chillun, an put in hans lill flat cake an we eats it. Yes'm, I membuh how she make it. She wash rice, an po off all duh watuh. She let wet rice sit all night, an in mawnin rice is all swell. She tak dat rice an put it in wooden mawtuh, an beat it tuh paste wid wooden pestle. She add honey, sometime shuguh, an make it in flat cake wid uh hans. 'Saraka' she call um."

412 Before the cabin stood a crudely constructed wooden mortar made many years before by Katie's husband and used originally for the pounding of rice. A deep basin-like aperture had been hewn out of the center of a log which was about three feet long and from eighteen to twenty inches wide.[43]

115 Across the dusty road from Katie Brown's another nar-

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•115 row wooden gate opened into a field where a winding path led to the small cabin of Julia Grovernor,* called Juno by the island Negroes. Julia, very black, tall and gaunt, was [123] slightly hostile and suspicious and disinclined to talk. Even the pipe tobacco, potent in most cases, she indifferently dropped.

"No'm, I ain know nuttn. Ise feeble-minded. I bin weak in head sence I small chile. No'm, I ain know nuttn bout witches. I ain know nuttn bout root doctuhs. No'm, I ain nebuh heah uh cunjuh. No'm, I ain know nuttn bout spells. No'm, I ain kin tuh Katie Brown."

115 124 This refusal to answer except in the negative seemed to continue indefinitely. Finally, however, after innumerable slow, quiet, good-humored questions that showed no resentment at her hostility, she became friendly in a reserved and superior way. It was soon evident that this sullen, reticent woman, though hostile to outside invasion, was not feeble-minded, but on the contrary sharp-witted, with a dry sense of humor.

829 "Muh gran, she Hannah. Uncle Calina muh gran too; dey bote Ibos. Yes'm, I membuh muh gran Hannah. She marry Calina an hab twenny-one chillun. Yes'm, she tell us how she brung yuh.

829 567 "Hannah, she wid huh ahnt who wuz diggin peanuts in duh fiel, wid uh baby strop on uh back. Out uh duh brush two wite mens come an spit in huh ahnt eye. She blinded an wen she wipe uh eye, duh wite mens done loose duh baby frum huh back, an took Hannah too. Dey led um intuh duh woods, weah deah wuz udduh chillun dey done ketched an tie up in sacks. Duh baby an Hannah wuz tie up in sacks lak duh udduhs an Hannah nebuh saw huh ahnt agen an nebuh saw duh baby agen. Wen she wuz let out uh duh sack, she wuz on boat an nebuh saw Africa agen."

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* *Julia Grovernor, Sapelo Island. Deceased winter, 1938.*

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•115 A back path from Julia's house led to the house of her sister, Katie,[*] who had a regal and impressive bearing. She, too, had a hostile and taciturn manner.

"No'm, Ise younguh dan Juno. I dohn membuh nuttn uh doze times. No'm, I ain heah tell uh cunjuh. I dohn know bout witch doctuhs. I dohn know spells. No'm, I dohn know none uh dis yuh askin. Yes'm, I nuss Hannah an Calina wen deys ole, but I young chile, an I dohn membuh nuttn bout um. No'm, I cahn unnuhstan um; dey talks a funny talk. I cahn unnuhstan um."

In the afternoon we went to see Phoebe Gilbert,[**] another descendant of the Ibos, Calina and Hannah. Phoebe, black, buxom, and comely, lived in a comfortable cottage in Shell Hammock. Obviously embarrassed at being the center of a rapidly increasing crowd of Negro listeners, she evaded most questions. Our visit did not prove entirely unsatisfactory, however, for after considerable humorous chatting Phoebe rewarded our efforts by giving a vivid description of how her grandfather, Calina, was captured and brought here from Africa.

829 561 "Belali Smith muh gran. I ain know bout Belali Mohomet. Yes'm, I membuh muh gran. She Hannah. Yes'm, muh gran Calina, too. Dey's Ibos. Muh gran Calina tell me how he got heah. He say he playin on beach in Africa, an big boat neah duh beach. He say, duh mens on boat take down flag, an put up big piece uh red flannel, an all chillun dey git close tuh watuh edge tuh see flannel an see wut doin. Den duh mens comes off boat an ketch um, an wen duh ole folks come in frum duh fiels dey ain no chillun in village. Dey's all on boat. Den dey brings um yuh."

115 Cuffy [20*] Wilson,[†] sitting in the clean-swept yard which surrounded his whitewashed house, told us about the much-discussed experience of a neighbor of his. This dealt with

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[*] *Katie Grovernor, Sapelo Island.*
[**] *Phoebe Gilbert, Sapelo Island.*
[†] *Cuffy Wilson, Sapelo Island.*

115 the current belief concerning the necessity of asking leave to enter the graveyard.

313 764 782 [775] "Grant Johnson, he wannuh cut some wood an he git obuh duh fence uh duh cimiterry," he explained to us. "He didn ax leab uh nobody.[60] He wuz a cuttin duh wood down as fas as he could wen all ub a sudden he see a big black dog wut [54] come attuh im. Dat wuz a shadduh an he ain lose no time in jumpin obuh duh fence.

764 782 "Wen yuh hab a fewnul eben today, yuh hab tuh ax leab tuh entuh duh cimiterry gate. Duh spirit ain gonuh let yuh in lessn yuh ask leab ub it."

775 115 We visited Nero Jones,* an elderly Negro who lived on his sixty-five-acre tract of land with a daughter, Henrietta. Sitting beneath the protecting shade of an arbor which overlooked a peanut field, the old man was busily engaged in shucking a large basket of the nuts.

521 535 [534] He, too, remembered having seen harvest dances. "We use tuh hab big time at hahves," [38] he began. "We pray an sing duh night tru. Wen duh sun riz we go out an dance. We hab big beatin uh drums an sometimes we dry duh goads an leab duh seed in um. Dey make good rattle.[23, 25]

829 782 "I membuh Uncle Calina an An Hannah well. Dey mighty ole an dey bun up in duh house. Day talk lot uh funny talk tuh each udduh an dey is mighty puhticuluh bout prayin. Dey pray on duh bead. Duh ole man he say 'Ameela' and An Hannah she say 'Hakabara.'"

361 [136] Later we drove slowly over the flat grass-lands to Hog Hammock, another Negro community at the south end of Sapelo. The red-legged herons winging their way against the vivid blue of the sky, the dense foliage rimming the edges of the inland marshes, clumps of feathery bush, all contributed to the tropical beauty of the island.

115 At Hog Hammock we visited Shad Hall (Plate XVII),**, A

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* *Nero Jones, Sapelo Island.*

** *Shad Hall, Sapelo Island.*

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-V--Analyst]

• 115 another Belali Mohomet descendant, who came to the door of his neat cottage clad in blue denim. Delighted to have visitors, Shad was eager for conversation. With a few polite (123) words of thanks for the pipe tobacco, he began to talk of the old days.

829 "Muh gran wuz Hestuh, Belali's daughtuh. She tell me Belali wuz coal black, wid duh small feechuhs we hab, an he (567) wuz bery tall. She say Belali an all he fambly come on same boat frum Africa. Belali hab plenty daughtuhs, Medina, Yaruba, Fatima, Bentoo, Hestuh, Magret, and Chaalut.

"Ole Belali Smith wuz muh uncle. His son wuz George Smith's gran. He wuz muh gran Hestuh's son an muh mudduh Sally's brudduh. Hestuh an all ub um sho pray on duh bead. Dey weah duh string uh beads on duh wais. (782) Sometime duh string on duh neck. Dey pray at sun-up and face duh sun on duh knees an bow tuh it tree times, kneelin on a lill mat."

We asked Shad if he had ever heard his grandmother say anything about Africa. Had she ever mentioned what sort of house they lived in or what food was generally eaten? Shad nodded eagerly, and from the steady flow of talk that followed it was evident that he had heard much of the land of his ancestors.

"Muh gran Hestuh say she kin membuh duh house she lib in in Africa. She say it wuz cubbuh wid palmettuh an grass fuh roof, an duh walls wuz made uh mud. Dey make duh walls by takin up hanfuls uh mud an puttin it on sumpm firm, sticks put crossways so. I membuh some pots and cups dat she hab made uh clay. She brung deze frum Africa. She membuh wut dey eat in Africa too. Dey eat yam an shuguh cane an peanut an bananas. Dey eat okra too. Yes'm, das right, dey calls it gumbo. Dey dohn hab tuh wuk hahd wid plantin deah. Jis go in woods an dig, an git big yam. Dey eat udduh roots too. Dey ain no flo tuh

754 “Yuh ain heah so much bout cunjuh on dis ilun, but deah’s
a few wut does a mighty lot uh talkin. Nellie Dixon, she lib
right obuh deah in dem trees, she alluz talkin bout roots.
She say somebody go tru duh yahd an drap a root fuhrum.
She tote a sack roun uh neck tuh gahd um.”[8, 12a, c, d]

115 When asked to whom he had belonged during slavery he
answered, “Muh fus massuh Montally. He ole massuh.
567 Young massuh wuz Massuh Tom Spalding. Den I belongs
tuh Mike Spalding; dat befo freedom. Sometime duh ole
folks call duh missus ‘maduba’ an duh massuh ‘mahaba.’
Yes’m I bin big man wen freedom come.”

Shad remembered that during his childhood he had often
527 witnessed harvest festivals and dances.

“Hahves time dey hab big time. It come once a yeah an dey pray an dey sing all night long till duh fus cock crow. Den dey staht tuh dance an tuh bow tuh duh sun as it riz in duh sky. Dey dance roun in a succle an sing an shout. Sho is a big time.[38]

764 “Wen yuh hab a buryin, yuh alluz hab tuh ask leab tuh
782 duh grabeyahd. Dey do dat tuh dis day. Yuh say, ‘Fambly, please let us lay yuh brudduh in mudduh dus.’ ”[60]

The story which Cuffy Wilson had already told us about
764 Grant Johnson’s having been chased from the graveyard by
313 a shadow was also verified from this source. Shad told us,
782 “Grant Johnson he go deah one time tuh cut wood widout
askin leab. He busy cuttin wood wen all ub a sudden he see
775 big black dog comin tuh um wid one paw raise an red eye an
big grinnin teet.[54] Grant he ain lose no time in gittin way.
Dat dog wuz shadduh wut come attuh um.

“Duh ole folks use tuh tell dat story bout duh hoe wut
829 could wuk by itsef. It stan right up in duh fiel widout no-
789 body holdin tuh it.[39] Das ef yuh knowd how tuh wuk it.
Doze Africans knowd how tuh make dat hoe wuk an dey
knowd how tuh wuk roots.

000 grape arbor and spreading live oaks. On the side road stood
137 three stately pine trees from which hung silvery festoons of
•115 Spanish moss. Catherine was black, small, and lively at
sixty-nine.

"Ise bawn in Meridian," she said, "but Ise lib mos muh life
heah. Muh people belong tuh duh Atwoods uh Darien an
tings heah on duh ilun is pretty much duh way dey wuz deah.
178 Some tings is changed wut hadduh change, lak wen we hab a
764 fewnul duh unduhtakuh come an git duh body an dey dohn
lak yuh tuh hab no settin-up. In duh ole days we would sing
an make prayuh all night an dey would come an measure duh
body wid a string tuh make duh coffin tuh bury em in. Dey
use tuh alluz sen yuh home tuh bury[1] ef dey could git duh
[609] money but dey ain eben alluz do dat no mo. Dey nebuh use
tuh bury no strainjuhs in duh buryin[3] groun but heah dat
ain kep strick needuh."

527 We asked about the dances and festivals of her youth.

"We use tuh hab big times duh fus hahves,[38] an duh fus
ting wut growed we take tuh duh chuch so as ebrybody could
hab a piece ub it. We pray obuh it an shout. Wen we hab
[535] a dance, we use tuh shout in a ring. We ain hab wut yuh call
a propuh dance tuhday.

"One uh duh dances wuz call duh Buzzud Lope.[17] It's a
535 long time sence we done it, but I still membuh it. We ain hab
much music in doze days but dey use a drum tuh call duh
people tuhgedduh wen dey gonuh hab games aw meetin.[20] It
sho bin a long time sence I tought bout dem days."

115 Catherine told us that Ryna Johnson, who lived about a
mile down the Harrington Road, was one of the oldest people
on the island. Leaving the main highway, we followed the
491 narrow, less traversed side road. It was a heavily wooded
137 section. We viewed the massive-trunked hoary oak trees
through a misty curtain of hanging moss. The fences along
the road were covered with honeysuckle and wild grape.
Shortly before we arrived at our destination, the road divided

491 to give way to a growth of towering oaks; then it joined
137 again, resuming its winding trail through the quiet, shadowed countryside.

361 The little settlement now known as Harrington was formerly the property of the Demere family. A little less than a mile north of this settlement was Harrington Hall, home of Raymond Demere, who came to this country with Oglethorpe after serving ten years under Lord Harrington at Gibraltar.

368 To the left of the road was a small unpainted store operated by Ryna Johnson's daughter with whom she lived. Various advertisements on the front of the small building gave splashes of color to the green of trees and foliage.

342 Set back from the store was Ryna's house, surrounded by an expanse of short grass upon which a horse was grazing. The house was weathered with age, as were the vertical boards of the fence that enclosed the garden; here and there in the fence a new unpainted board, regardless of length, had replaced an old, and the top presented an irregular, jagged pattern. The cabin was the usual two-room affair but with a hall through the center and a lean-to in the back. The walls
353 were papered with newspapers and, although there was a
352 motley collection of objects and furniture, everything was scrupulously clean.

● 115 Ryna * was blind from cataracts and had not been feeling
(164) very well; so she had just got up from bed. Although her body was bent and very feeble, her mind was still clear.

"Ise bout eighty-five yeahs ole, but I caahn tell zackly. I belong tuh duh Coupers wen I wuk on duh plantation. It bin sech a long time I mos stop studyin bout dem days. But I membuh we use tuh hab good times."

829 In answer to our inquiry regarding any Africans whom she had known during plantation days, Ryna told us, "Alexanduh, Jummy, an William, dey is all African. I membuh ole William well an he tell me lots bout times in Africa. Dey

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* *Ryna Johnson, Harrington, St. Simons Island.*

829 ain weah no cloze, he say, but a leedle clawt string roun em.

“William say dat dey ain hab much trouble gittin tings tuh eat in Africa cuz so much grow free. Dey cut duh tree an let duh suhrup drain out. Duh women tie duh leedle chillun an duh babies on tuh deah back tuh carry em roun.

829 “He say wen dey come in duh boats tuh ketch em, dey
829 trail a red flag an dey ain use tuh see red an das duh way dey
567 git duh load. William he talk funny talk. He hab funny
wud fuh tings. I use tuh know some ub em, cuz he teach em
tuh me but it so long, missus, Ise fuhgit. But I membuh he
(192) say pot call ‘sojo’ an watuh ‘deloe’ an he call fyuh ‘diffy.’
He sho did dat, but das all I kin membuh. Ef uh study bout
em, maybe I kin membuh some mo.”

829 We wanted a description of William, the African.

“William a good size man, heavy set. He hab two leedle line mahk on he right cheek.”[14]

527 Ryna mused: “Tings is sho change. Wen we is young, we
534 use tuh hab big frolic an dance in a ring an shout tuh drum.
534 Sometime we hab rattle made out uh dry goad an we rattle
533 em an make good music.”[23, 25]

535 We wondered if she, too, remembered the Buzzard Lope and she assured us, “Yes’m, sho I knows it. Ebrybody knows it.”[17]

754 Shortly afterward the conversation turned to conjure and
754 the old woman told us, “I sho heah plenty bout da ting. Way
789 back we hab plenty discussion bout root makuhs.[22, 48] I
membuh my huzbun Hillard Johnson speak bout a root
makuh in Darien wut make duh pot bile widout fyuh. My
huzbun he frum Sapelo. He could tell yuh bout sech tings
ef he wuz libin.”

• 115 A short distance away lived Charles Hunter,* whose small
board house was set well back from the road. The front
(351) yard enclosed by a wire fence was planted with a profusion
of brightly colored flowers along the sandy walk leading to

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* *Charles Hunter, Harrington, St. Simons Island.*

115 (351) the house. Across the road to the left was a field which had been planted in corn.

Charles, a medium-sized, intelligent man, very black of skin and rather small-featured, talked to us about his people.

[165] "Dey is long libin people," he began. "Muh fathuh lib until he a hundud an muh mothuh wuz ninety wen she die. Muh gran, she name Louise an come frum Bahama Ilun.* She lib tuh hundud an fifteen. Das duh way dey do an I guess I'll do duh same."

178 Did the people around Harrington believe in the old customs the way his mother and grandmother had believed in them?

"Yes'm, dey sticks tuh em but duh times is changin an yuh [764] hab tuh change wid em. Duh unduhtakuh come now an mone lakly he bring yuh back tuh duh chuch an dey ain no watch an singin."

795 In the course of our talk he told us that the river baptisms were held by members of the local churches. "Yes'm, we still baptize in duh ribbuh," Charles said. "We hab one not [783] long ago. We hab tuh wait till a Sunday wen a ebb tide come at a good time, cuz it duh ebb tide wut carry yuh sin away."[63]

754 Charles confirmed what the other residents had told us regarding conjure.

"Well, dey's some belieb in cunjuh an some wut dohn. [753] Dey's lots wut say sickness ain natchul an somebody put sumpm down fuh yuh.[15] I ain belieb in it much muhsef but 829 dey's curious tings happen. Now, wen I wuz a boy deah's a root makuh wut lib yuh name Alexanduh. He wuz African an he say he kin do any kine uh cunjuh wut kin be done an he kin cuo any kine uh disease.[48] He wuz a small man, 789 slim an bery black. Alexanduh say he could fly.[68b, 69c] He

[567] * *A number of slaves accompanied their masters from the West Indies to this country. It was also the custom for slave ships to stop at the Bahamas en route to America with a cargo.*

789 say all his fambly in Africa could fly. I ain seen em fly muhsef but he say he could do it all right. We's sked ub im wen we's boys an use tuh run wen we see im come."

•115 During the interview Emma, Charles' wife, hovered nearby, seemingly very much interested in the proceedings. Finally we asked her to come and talk to us. Although she said that she was too young to remember much of the old times, she gave us some recollections regarding superstitions and African customs.

(241) (761) "Now muh gran Betty she wuz African an she plant benne seed. Once yuh staht plantin benne, yuh got tuh plant em ebry yeah aw yuh die. I tell yuh who kin tell yuh sumpm bout ole times an das Chahls Murray. He ain tell me how ole he is but I ketch he age jis duh same. Yuh go down tuh duh main road a lill way an duh road spring off tuh Chahls Murray house."

Emma also told us how to reach Ben Sullivan, one of the oldest men living on the island.

361 From Hunter's we turned left on a lane flanked by a thicket of low trees and bushes. After about two or three miles we came to a clearing where there was a scattering of houses and sheds.

115 A tall, spare man was plowing in a field to the left of the road. We hailed him and asked him if he could help us find Ben Sullivan. He left his mule and plow and came over to the car. He was tall, as straight as a soldier, with a lean agility that bespoke youthfulness. Over his long jaws and rather straight features his copper skin was smooth.

"Ise Ben Sullivan," * he said, and we were puzzled.

"But," we said, "the Ben Sullivan we are looking for is an old man."

"Ise duh only Ben Sullivan," he answered. "Ise eighty-eight."

It seemed incredible that this active, intensely alive man

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* ***Ben Sullivan, St. Simons Island.***

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•115 could really be so old. We asked him who his people were and what he remembered about the old times.

[567] "We belong tuh duh Coupers. Ise son tuh Belali. He wuz butluh tuh James Couper at Altama. I membuh we hab lots uh time tuh play wen we's chilluns." He smiled pleasantly at the memory.

829 This man, too, remembered native Africans he had known, for he told us, "I membuh lots uh Africans, but all ub em ain tame. But I knowd some ub em wut is tame an I knowd one tame Indian."

We asked again about old Alexander, the African root maker.

829 567 "Yes'm, I membuh him. He wuz a lill black man an he belong tuh duh Butlers but I ain know him well cuz we's diffunt people. Now ole man Okra an ole man Gibson an ole Israel, dey's African an dey belong tuh James Couper an das how I knows em. Dey tell us how dey lib in Africa. Dey laks tuh talk. It funny talk an it ain so easy tuh unnuhstan but yuh gits use tuh it. Dey say dey buil deah own camp deah an lib in it.

"Ole man Okra he say he wahn a place lak he hab in Africa so he buil im a hut. I membuh it well. It wuz bout twelve by foeteen feet an it hab dut flo an he buil duh side lak basket weave wid clay plastuh on it. It hab a flat roof wut he make frum bush an palmettuh an it hab one doe an no winduhs. But Massuh make im pull it down. He say he ain wahn no African hut on he place.

829 782 567 "Ole Israel he pray a lot wid a book he hab wut he hide, an he take a lill mat an he say he prayuhs on it. He pray wen duh sun go up an wen duh sun go down. Dey ain none but ole Israel wut pray on a mat. He hab he own mat. Now ole man Israel he hab shahp feechuh an a long pointed beahd, an he wuz bery tall. He alluz tie he head up in a wite clawt an seem he keep a lot uh clawt on han, fuh I membuh, yuh could see em hangin roun duh stable dryin."

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829 an parakeet. An, too, he say nuttn ebuh die way. Duh crops jis come back ebry yeah widout habin tuh be planted.

"Das all I membuh Hettie tellin bout Africa. Muh fathuh's fathuh come frum Africa too but wen muh fathuh Belali wuz a small young lad, muh granfathuh wehn tuh Dungeness on Cumberland Ilun tuh trade in slabes an nebuh wuz seen agen. It wuz muh fathuh Belali dat made rice cakes."

When asked about his father's mother, Ben continued, "Muh fathuh's mothuh lib at Altama. Huh name wuz Luna, but muh fathuh's fathuh wuz a unmarried man. Deah's many tings I do not membuh, it wuz sech a long time ago. I know dat wen deah wuz tuh be a buryin, dey alluz bury duh dead at night at duh plantation. Dey alluz come in frum duh tas befo dahk.

(505) "In doze days deah wuz no way tuh git tuh Savannah cep by boat an wen Mr. Couper wannuh go, he use a boat bout fifty foot long an bout six foot wide. He take six strong oahsmen an dey would make it in ten aw twelve hours. I heahd tell ub a house buil by a man frum Africa, wid cawn stalks an mud an wid a straw filluh."

829 The flying story about old Alexander, the root maker, had interested us and we asked if Ben Sullivan had heard of it.

789 "I ain heahd specially bout him but Ise heahd plenty Africans talk bout flyin. Deah's plenty ub em wut could fly.[68c, 69b] I sho heahd em talk bout great doins an Ise heahd ole Israel say duh hoe could wuk by itsef ef yuh know wut tuh say tuh it.[29] It bin a long time sence Ise tought bout tings lak dat, but ef uh studies bout em, dey comes back tuh me."

•115 On the way back from Harrington to St. Simons village we stopped at Nora Peterson's * small cabin to talk with her. Nora, the daughter of Tom Floyd, an African who came to

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* *Nora Peterson, St. Simons Island.*

•115 this country on the *Wanderer* in 1858, is a nice looking, middle-aged woman, pleasant and up to date. She told us about her father.

"I wuz bery lill wen he died—not mone bout fo yeah ole, uh spec. I do know he come frum Africa. I membuhs dat an uh membuh muh Uncle Slaughtuh wuz his brothuh an he come frum Africa, too. I nebuh heahd him talk much bout it but maybe uh wuz too lill tuh membuh."

Although she had been so young at the time of her father's death, the woman still retained a vivid picture of him and she gave us the following description:

"He wuz shawt an dahk, an heaby buil. Yuh see, he wuzn but bout sixty yeah ole wen he died. Muh mothuh wuz Charity Lewis an uh got one brothuh, Caesar Prince, but he's younguh dan me an dohn membuh nothin."

From Nora's we went to the old tabby slave house of Floyd White * who was related to her. Floyd was of middle height, black, and of a powerful build. When we were uncertain and groping as to the right questions to ask, Floyd was clear and helpful.

"Ise nephew tuh Charity Lewis, so Nora is muh cousin,
829 but Ise olduhn Nora an I membuh ole Tom Floyd well. I
bout fifteen wen he die. He wuz shawt an tick set. I tinks
he wuz Ibo. He used tuh whoop an holluh. He say dey do
da way in Africa. He wuz doctuh too an he could cut yuh
[759] wid a knife an cop yuh. I wish he wuz yuh right now tuh
cop me. I sho needs it an it make yuh feel lots bettuh.[43] I
heah him talk plenty bout Africa but I caahn membuh so much ub it cuz uh wuz young boy den. He say he lib in a hut on a ribbuh an dey eat coconut an bread wut grow on a tree. Dey plant yam ebry seben yeah an dey dohn hadduh wuk it. Dey hab peanut an banana. He call it by anudduh name but I caahn membuh it. I seen plenty ub African peo-

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* *Floyd White, St. Simons Island.*

St. Marys

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361 THE NEGROES OF ST. MARYS LIVE SCATTERED ABOUT
the town and its outskirts. In the past few years many of
the very old people have died and there remain only a few
•115 who are past eighty years old. We went to see Hettie Camp-
bell,* who was only seventy-two. Her mother had belonged
to Dr. Wright of St. Marys and all her ante-bellum knowl-
edge had been imparted to her by her mother and her step-
father, Andrew King. When we drove up she was sitting on
the porch of her small house. The front garden was a
(351) packed dirt yard with formal plantings of flowers and shrub-
bery. During most of our talk Hettie's son, Horace,** stood
in the doorway, half interested in and half amused by the
conversation.

We asked Hettie to tell us about the old times.

829 "I remembuh Uncle Patty an Ahnt Rachel. They wuz frum Africa. Aftuh the waw wen they move from the plantation, they lived in a house on the watuhfront an they use tuh talk funny tuh each othuh so none of us chilluns couldn unduhstan em. I dohn remembuh so much bout em cuz uh wuz mighty lill then, but Henry Williams he remembuhs all right. Henry's eighty-seven yeahs ole.

"I do remembuh the big times we use tuh have wen I wuz
527 young. We does plenty uh dances in those days. Dance
(535) roun in a ring. We has a big time long bout wen crops come
in an evrybody bring sumpm tuh eat wut they makes an we

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* *Hettie Campbell, St. Marys. Deceased autumn, 1939.*
** *Horace Campbell, St. Marys.*

527 all gives praise fuh the good crop an then we shouts an sings
[535] all night.[38] An wen the sun rise, we stahts tuh dance. It ain
so long since they stop that back in the woods but these
young people they does new kines uh dances."

(535) Horace interjected here, "I seen em do those dances back
in the woods but not yuh."

We asked what sort of music they had for the dances.

535 "They mosly have guitah now," said Hettie, "an we use
534 tuh use guitah too, but we makes em frum goad an we beats
drums too. We makes em frum coon hide stretched ovuh
hoops.[25] Muh step-fathuh, Andrew King, who lived down
567 the Satilla Rivuh, use tuh tell me how it wuz in the ole days.
He tell me they bring a boatload of them Africans ovuh
frum a ilun tuh theah plantation. That wuz jis befo the
waw an they wuz runnin frum the Yankees."

262 We asked if she had known any families who refused to
eat certain kinds of food.

"Thas a hahd un, ma'am. Mos people eat wut they kin
git but I knowd Chahlotte Froman who wouldn tech chicken.
They all say that chicken wuz a duhty animal an they ain
(231) gonuh eat em.[65] They keeps chicken cuz frizzle chicken is
(825) a wise chicken. It sho kin fine wut you caahn fine."[13a]

We asked about conjure.

754 Horace laughed and said, "I tell yuh, ma'am, they's mo
178 doin of cunjuh up roun Savannah than theah is in these
pahts. I jis bin up theah an I ain nevuh heahd so much
talk of it in muh life. Theah's a lot of ole customs still roun
an we've all heahd bout em an knows bout em but theah ain
nobody much wut's ole nuff tuh pay much tention tuh em."
Horace smiled with the superiority of the younger generation.

•115 Later we visited Henry Williams,* (Plate XIX), A whose
342 little house (Plate XX) B sat back in a clump of tall, overgrown brush that grew close to the dilapidated paling fence.

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* *Henry Williams, St. Marys.*

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-AA--Analyst]
B, [See Category 342, plate following p. xxxii-BB--Analyst]

115 Henry, who sat on his sunny porch, was strong and healthy looking for his eighty-seven years. The shabbiness of his clothes contrasted with the splendor of the naval cap on his head. Two little neighbors, Enoch and Artie Jones, were playing in the yard, (Plate XXI). A

When we told Henry that we wanted to know about old times, he launched into eager conversation.

"I belong tuh William Cole wut live at Oakland Plantation but it wunt long befo the waw an then I wuz free an come tuh town. Wen I wuz bout twelve, I hep Daddy Patty in his tannin yahd ovuh theah on the watuh by the cimiterry. Patty wuz a shoemakuh too an use tuh make all kines uh things out uh hides an skins."

We asked him to tell us all he could remember about Uncle Patty and his wife.

829
567
"Well, they's both frum Africa an as I remumbuh they's Ibos. They wuz bout middle height an heavy buil. I ain suttn bout Ahnt Rachel but Daddy Patty belong tuh ole man Arnow an I think he bought im at a sale an bring im down yuh. They use tuh talk tuh each othuh in a language wut we couldn unduhstan an Patty use tuh alluz be singin a song, 'a-shou-tu-goula.'

"Daddy Patty, he use tuh talk tuh the mens in the tannin yahd bout weah he come frum. He ain talk tuh me but I heah im. He say they ain hadduh plant but once a yeah cuz evrything grows wile. They buns gumbo fuh wood. He say they live in 'boo-boo-no' made out uh sticks an straw thas plastuhed with mud. Fus they digs a big flat celluh bout a foot deep an packs the earth down smooth an tight. Thas the flo. Then they leans the sticks tuh the centuh an they puts the straw an the mud on em an it come out lak a beehive an thas weah they lib.

"They buil a big 'boo-boo-no' fuh the chief. Patty he wuz the chief son an he have three straight mahks slantin down on he right cheek an that wuz a bran tuh show who he wuz.[14]

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxii--CC--Analyst]

829 He wuz the waw chief son and doze mahks tell whut tribe he
567 belong tuh. Wen I knowd im, he stay down in a lill house on the alley neah the ribbuh. I sho heahd im talk a lot. Ise hole duh hide fuh im wen he scrapes em with a scrapuh. Patty say all the people suppote the king by plantin cassaba an givin the king some uh the cassaba."

535 We asked Uncle Henry about the dances and the customs of long ago.

527 "I sho see dances wut give thanks fuh the crop [18] an we
567 prays in the night an dance wen the sun rise. I know the Buzzud Lope too.[17] I seen em do that an they use tuh have big Satdy night doins. Roun Christmas we git three days' holiday an theah's plenty uh dances an shoutin then. We goes tuh the ownuh an gits a ticket an we all gathuhs at the same place an we shouts an kick up with each othuh, but wen yuh ticket out, ef yuh dohn come back, the patrol will git yuh an then yuh gits whipped."

We asked him about witch doctors and taboos.

789 [illegible] tell yuh, missus, they ain many wut knows bout roots
787 yuh tuhday. Some does come tuh sell hans an chahms [8] an they's a heap uh signs fuh the bad an good luck ef I have time tuh study bout em. Now the Jordan family, ole man
262 Jordan, he dohn let none uh his family eat rabbit. Theah's the ole man an Ahnt Tillah an theah chillun, Sally an Austin. He use tuh tell the boy, 'Dohn yuh go shoot no rabbits roun yuh; we dohn none of us eats rabbit. Thas bad luck fuh us.' He sho wuz strick bout it." [55]

• 115 We questioned the old man further about his recollections of the beliefs and practices of his ancestors. It appeared, however, that for the present, his discourse had come to a close.

After a moment's hesitation he answered us with, "I ain think bout doze ole days so much lately, miss, but wen uh gits tuh studyin bout em, lots uh things comes back tuh me."

• 115 We went by to talk with Charity Lucas, a fine looking upstanding, middle-aged Negro woman. She told us she did not know much about her father's people,—they had come from around Carolina,—but her mother and her mother's people had come from around Waycross and she herself had been born in Waycross. She said that the coast Negroes were very different from the interior people. She had heard talk of conjure and spirits around St. Marys but she didn't believe much in it herself; she had not been brought up that way.

Her son Robert (Plate XXII), A a tall, lithe, powerful young Negro of about twenty-five, was rather taciturn. He had heard of these things but didn't care to speak of them and didn't believe in them much anyway.

Charity advised us to go to see old Jim Myers. "Now theah's one that's ole an'll be able tuh tell yuh plenty. He's neahly ninety and sho likes tuh talk."

We asked if his memory were good. "Yes'm, it's as good as mine. I guess it's bettuh."

We asked for directions and she told us how to go, ten miles deep into the woods off from the St. Marys-Kingsland highway.

491 Our road and what later turned out to be a pine needle
wagon track carried us through Marianna, John Houstoun
McIntosh's plantation, through Sweetwater Hammock and
on through other settlements to Mush Bluff Island where
old Jim Myers lived. The last mile we had to walk, owing
123 to some swampy patches in the wagon track. A Negro boy
of about eleven sauntered around a bush, and his eyes popped
open in frightened surprise at strangers appearing so suddenly in the woods.

"Does Jim Myers live near here?" we asked.

"Right theah roun the cawnuh of the path," he said, and
342 we came suddenly upon the house, a three room unpainted,
board cabin sitting about two feet off the ground on large,

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-DD--Analyst]

342 sturdy oak stumps. The front steps were three oak logs of increasing diameter that made a massive if difficult tread to the door. The house was in a large grove of oak trees
351 and the usual plows, iron pots, and implements were scattered about the hard packed, sand yard. Jim Myers owned
423 a good deal of land and there was a well-to-do feeling about the whole place, though it was old-fashioned and isolated in the extreme.

115 Uncle Jim * (Plate XXIII, XXIV) A came down the log steps to greet us. His bare feet manipulated the round treads easily. He was a big man, slightly bent from rheumatism, very black with a white fringe of a beard. His eyes
[755] were rheumy with age. Around his ankles were two brass wires, which helped to take the pain out of his legs.[12b]

"Uncle Jim," we said, "tell us about the times when you were a boy."

Uncle Jim laughed in condescending good humor. "Lawd, missus, thas so long ago I ain thought bout them days in a long time and theah ain much tuh tell. Ise bawn jis twenny mile from yuh on Mr. John Tompkins' plantation and I lived roun yuh all muh life. I bin heah on Mush Bluff Ilun a long time."

829 We asked him if he had known any Africans when he was a young man.

567 "Yes'm, I sho knowd plenty of em. Theah wuz a lawg house that belonged to Mr. Hallowes wich use tuh set right ovuh theah in them woods until about ten yeahs ago. That was the house that they kep the wile Africans in. It had big ion rings in the flo. They chained them wile Africans theah till they wuz tame. They'd take em out one by one and they'd give em a stick an put em in the fiel with people wut knowd how tuh wuk and that way they lun how too. They sked to give em a hoe. It's shahp and they might frail roun with it."

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* *Jim Myers, Mush Bluff Island.*

A, [See Category 142, plates following p. xxxii--EE and FF--Analyst]

775 (845) We asked Uncle Jim if he could see spirits. "No'm, I ain nevuh seen em. I wuzn bawn with a caul [4] an I caahn see em. Now, muh brothuh he kin see em cuz he wuz bawn with a caul. He see em all the time. Spirits is alluz roun in time 775 764 of fewnuls an wen a pusson die, we have a settin-up and then we leave sumpm wut we got tuh eat in a dish by him to eat [54] —that is, we use tuh do that—an we put salt on em in the ole days an we go up to em an we put our hands on theah chest to bid em feahwell." [31]

764 We asked Uncle Jim if they used to have night funerals in the old days. "No'm, we alluz have our fewnuls in the day time but my great granmothuh, now, she say in Africa they have night fewnuls."

•115 We asked him to tell us more of his African great grandmother.

"Muh great gran, huh name wuz Bina; thas all we know uh by. She brought up muh mothuh cuz muh gran got bun up in uh house wen muh mothuh wuz two days ole."

We asked him if he remembered her well. "Yes'm, I wuz a big boy about fifteen wen she die an they all say she wuz a hundud an thutty yeahs ole at that time. She sho ole, I know dat, but she remembuh plenty. She tell us chillun so much I caahn remembuh all them things."

829 567 We asked again about night funerals. "She jis say they have em at night but she didn say wy. She did say they alluz kill a wite chicken at the time they go to bury em an they take the blood an feathuhs an they do sumpm special with em but I ain unduhstood how it is.[35a, b] I tell you wut she tell me, how she get heah on a big boat an she lan down theah on Cumberland Ilun on a big dock in the time of Mr. Nightingale an she say they put em in a lill pick house to keep em safe an the chimbly of that same lill house is standin about two hundud yahds out in the rivuh off Cumberland tuhday."

829 We asked if she had told him how they lived in Africa

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829 and what kind of house they lived in. "She ain speak of wut kine uh house but she do speak of monkeys. They have monkeys all roun em and they dohn have tuh do no plantin cuz evrything is wile and they pick it off the trees."

We asked him if he could remember any African words he had heard his grandmother use. "They wuz funny wuds," he laughed, "I ought tuh be able to remembuh em but I caahn. She use tuh sing songs with African wuds. Ef I could study about em, I might remembuh some but now you ask me I jis caahn git em tuh mine. She did sing a chuch song wut have wuds we could unduhstand, an then in the middle of it she say 'yeribum, yeribum, yeribum, by,' and looked like wen she come to the en of each stanza, she sing 'yeribum, yeribum, yeribum, by.' It sho is a long time ago, them days."

491 Later we followed a deeply rutted sand road which led westward in the direction of Folkston. Few cars traveled 493 this way and once during our trip we encountered an old fashioned two-wheeled ox cart whose driver guided his oxen deftly to one side in order to let us pass.

• 115 About three or four miles out on the road we turned in a gate and drove to the side of Shadwick Rudolph's * house. The old man greeted us smilingly.. At first glance he did not appear to be the eighty-six years he claimed, but on closer observation we noticed that his eyes were dimmed from (567) age. He talked with us for some time, telling us among other things, "I belong tuh Mr. Dave Bailey. He own Woodbine Plantation. Muh granfathuh, his name wuz Jim. He come ovuh tuh this country frum Africa. He tell me that ovuh theah they have houses made of palmettuh.

829 "Then, ole Nanny Mammy, she live at the plantation too, and she come frum Africa. She alluz set down tuh wuk; no mattuh wut kine uh wuk, she set down tuh do it. Nanny Mammy use tuh set down in the middle of the flo of uh house

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* *Shadwick Rudolph, Folkston Road, near Woodbine.*

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Georgia

829 wen she go tuh eat an she alluz eat out of a wooden bowl.
Sometimes she use a spoon, but mos of the time she jis eat
with uh finguhs. Muh granfathuh use tuh set with uh an
talk. They talk a lot an speak the African wuds an souns.
I ain know wut they talk bout, mosly bout the times in
Africa I think. One soun aw wud I membuh they say wuz
'cupla' but wut it mean I sho dohn know.

415 "Fuh the longes time I have a wooden bowl [79] bout lak
the one Nanny Mammy have. It wuz holluhed out jis as
smooth, an it wuz made of some kine uh dahk wood. Not long
ago muh wife say she ain see da bowl in monuh yeah. She
think mebbe one uh the chillun, muh grans I mean, mustuh
misplace it someway.

252 "Theah's a lot uh things I membuh at the plantation.
Muh grandmothuh, Sally, she make the bes rice cakes. She
make em with brown shuguh. She ain mix em up with
534 honey. I seed em make home-made drums theah too. They
533 stretch a sheep-hide ovuh a roun bucket.[25] Then they beats
764 the drum in the fewnul cession wen they mahches tuh the
buryin groun.[24] Long then wen a pusson die they have a
settin-up [37a] an have a suppuh too.[37b, c] Theah wuz an still
764 is pussons wut put a dish uh food out on the poach fuh the
782 spirit, but some of em take cooked food tuh the grave an
leave it theah fuh the spirit.[58] They say, too, that a frizzle
754 chicken kin dig up any kine uh cunjuh.[13] Theah's a lot uh
231 talk bout cunjuh these days mung the young folks, even mo
825 than in the ole days." [15]

A short while later, our interview concluded, we thanked
115 the old man for the information and took our leave. Looking
back we saw him sitting on the steps of his house, his
gray head bent, to all appearances lost in a reverie of the
past.

Informants

115 Anderson, Alec, *Possum Point*, Sterling.
Anderson, Rachel, *Possum Point*, Sterling.
Baker, Lawrence, *Darien*, Darien.
Baker, Ophelia, *Sandfly*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Basden, Isaac, *Harris Neck*, Harris Neck.
Basden, Liza, *Harris Neck*, Harris Neck.
Bates, Henry, *Frogtown and Currytown*, 1118 Waldburg Street, Savannah.
Baynes, Lee, *Sandfly*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Bivens, John, *Sandfly*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Blackshear, John, *Brownville*, 625 Grapevine Avenue, Savannah.
Boddison, George, *Tin City*, Savannah.
Branch, Susie, *White Bluff*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Brown, Evans, *Yamacraw*, West Broad Street School, Savannah.
Brown, Katie, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.
Brown, William, *Brownville*, Florence Street, Savannah.
Butler, Bruurs, *Grimball's Point*, Grimball's Point.
Bryant, Ryna, *Springfield*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Bryant, Stephen, *Springfield*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Campbell, Horace, *St. Marys*, St. Marys.
Campbell, Hettie, *St. Marys*, St. Marys. (deceased)
Carter, Jerome, *Frogtown and Currytown*, 443 Jefferson Street, Savannah.
Cohen, Ozie, *Tin City*, Savannah.
Coleman, Preston, *Frogtown and Currytown*, 532 Charles Street, Savannah.
Collier, James, *Brownville*, 806 W. 39th Street, Savannah.

Cook, Tressie, *Brownville*, 911 W. 38th Street, Savannah.
Cooper, James, *Yamacraw*, Port Wentworth.
Davis, Ellie, *Sandfly*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Davis, Sophie, *White Bluff*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Dawson, Minnie, *Pin Point*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Delegal, Tony, *Brownville*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Dorsay, Ellen, *Yamacraw*, 515 W. Congress Street, Savannah.
Edwards, William, *Brownville*, West Broad and 32nd Streets, Savannah.
English, Emma, *Brownville*, 628 W. 36th Street, Savannah.
Gamble, Henry, *Frogtown and Currytown*, 519 West Broad Street, Savannah.
Gilbert, Phoebe, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.
Gibson, Mary Liza, *Grimball's Point*, Grimball's Point.
Grace, Bishop, *Brownville*, *House of Prayer*, 643 Bismark Street, Savannah.
Grant, Rosa, *Possum Point*, Sterling.
Grovernor, Julia, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo. (deceased)
Grovernor, Katie, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.
Grayson, London, *White Bluff*, R. F. D., Savannah. (deceased)
Hall, Serina, *White Bluff*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Hall, Shad, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.
Hamilton, Carrie, *Yamacraw*, 530 West President Street, Savannah.
Haynes, Henry, *Brownville*, 41st and Harden Streets, Savannah.
Haynes, John, *Old Fort*, 933 Wheaton Street, Savannah.
Higgins, Harry, *Brownville*, 1810 West Broad Street, Savannah.
Holmes, S. B., *Old Fort*, 716 E. Perry Street, Savannah.
Houston, Tonie, *Tatemville*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Hunter, Mary, *Old Fort*, 548 E. St. Julian Street, Savannah.
Hunter, Charles, *St. Simons Island*, St. Simons.
Hunter, Emma, *St. Simons Island*, St. Simons.
Jackson, F. J., *Grimball's Point*, Grimball's Point. (deceased)
Jackson, Della, *Grimball's Point*, Grimball's Point.
Jenkins, Albert, *Brownville*, 627 W. 36th Street, Savannah.
Jenkins, Lizzie, *Sandfly*, R. F. D., Savannah.

INFORMANTS

• 115 Johnson, Anna, *Harris Neck*, Harris Neck.
Johnson, Dorothy, *Springfield*, 1201 Murphy Avenue, Savannah.
Johnson, Ryna, *St. Simons Island*, St. Simons.
Jonah, Uncle, *Sunbury*, Sunbury.
Jones, Ellen, *Springfield*, near 1304 Stiles Avenue, Savannah.
Jones, Esther, *Tatemville*, 308 W. 46th Street, Savannah.
Jones, Fred, *Yamacraw*, 607 W. Congress Street, Savannah.
Jones, Nero, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.
Jones, Thursday, *Brownville*, 39th Street near Florence Street, Savannah.
Kelsey, D. C., *Frogtown and Currytown*, 521 West Gaston Street, Savannah.
Lewis, Nathaniel John, *Tin City*, Savannah.
Lewis, Jane, *Darien*, Darien.
Linder, Julian, *Brownville*, 612 W. 36th Street, Savannah.
Little, George W., *Brownville*, 737 W. 34th Street, Savannah.
Little, Preacher, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.
Major, Martha, *Yamacraw*, 542 W. York Street, Savannah.
Maxwell, Susan, *Possum Point*, Sterling.
McCarts, Katie, *Old Fort*, 744 Hull Street, Savannah.
McCullough, Priscilla, *Darien*, Darien.
McKen, Millie, *Frogtown and Currytown*, 409 W. Duffy Street, Savannah.
McNichols, Robert, *Brownville*, E. 39th Street, Savannah.
McQueen, Peter, *Wilmington Island*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Mikell, William, *Brownville*, 616 W. 32nd Street, Savannah.
Miller, Anna, *Frogtown and Currytown*, 1018 Cuyler Street, Savannah.
Miller, H. H., *Tatemville*, 46th and Pearl Streets, Savannah.
Moore, James, *Tin City*, Savannah.
Munroe, Emma, *Tin City*, Savannah.
Myers, Jim, *St. Marys*, Mush Bluff Island, R. F. D., St. Marys.
Nelson, Christine, *Tin City*, Savannah.
Newkirk, William, *Tatemville*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Noah's Ark, *Old Fort*, Peace Mission, Joe and Harmon Streets, Savannah.
Page, Martha, *Yamacraw*, 606 Zubly Street, Savannah.

115 Parker, Allen, *Tatemville*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Peace, Sister Patience, *Old Fort*, Peace Mission, Joe and Harmon Streets, Savannah.
Peterson, Nora, *St. Simons Island*, St. Simons.
Pinckney, Robert, *Wilmington Island*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Postell, Florence, *Brownville*, 928 W. 51st Street, Savannah.
Quarterman, Wallace, *Darien*, Darien. (deceased)
Ralph, Marion, *Brownville*, 2411 Harden Street, Savannah.
Redmond, Professor, *Frogtown and Currytown*, West Broad Street, Savannah.
Reese, Bessie, *Brownville*, 2408 Harden Street, Savannah.
Roberts, Elizabeth, *Sunbury*, Sunbury.
Rogers, William, *Darien*, Darien.
Ross, Lee, *Brownville*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Royal, Bessie, *White Bluff*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Rudolph, Shadwick, *St. Marys*, R. F. D., Woodbine. (Folkston Road)
Sallins, Rosa, *Harris Neck*, Harris Neck.
Sampson, Mattie W., *Brownville*, W. 32nd Street, Savannah.
Singleton, Charles, *Springfield*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Singleton, Justine, *Tatemville*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Singleton, Paul, *Tin City*, Savannah.
Small, Celia, *Wilmington Island*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Smith, Clara, *Springfield*, 1139 W. Duffy Street, Savannah.
Smith, Crawford, *Brownville*, 1704 Ogeechee Avenue, Savannah.
Smith, George, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.
Smith, Thomas, *Yamacraw*, 37 Ann Street, Savannah.
Snead, Margaret, *Pin Point*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Sneed, Prince, *White Bluff*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Stephens, Josephine, *Harris Neck*, Harris Neck.
Stevens, Emma, *Sunbury*, Sunbury.
Stevens, Mary, *Sunbury*, Sunbury.
Sullivan, Ben, *St. Simons Island*, St. Simons.
Tattnall, Gene, *Wilmington Island*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Tattnall, Jack, *Wilmington Island*, R. F. D., Savannah.
Taylor, Reuben, *Eulonia*, Eulonia.
Thorpe, Ed, *Harris Neck*, Harris Neck.

INFORMANTS

•115 Triumphant Virgin, *Old Fort*, Peace Mission, Joe and Harmon Streets, Savannah.

Waldburg, Dick, *Tatemville*, R. F. D., Savannah.

Ward, Beatrice, *Brownville*, 832 W. 35th Street, Savannah.

Washington, James, *Springfield*, R. F. D., Savannah.

Washington, Ben, *Eulonia*, Eulonia.

Washington, Sara, *Eulonia*, Eulonia.

West, Chloe, *Frogtown and Currytown*, 623 W. Waldburg Lane, Savannah.

White, Floyd, *St. Simons Island*, St. Simons.

Wilcher, Alfred, *Brownville*, 610 W. 31st Street, Savannah.

Williams, Dye, *Old Fort*, Peace Mission, Joe and Harmon Streets, Savannah.

Williams, Henry, *St. Marys*, St. Marys.

Williams, Rosanna, *Tatemville*, R. F. D., Savannah.

Wilson, Cuffy, *Sapelo Island*, Sapelo.

Wilson, Jack, *Old Fort*, 272 McAlister Street, Savannah.

Wing, Catherine, *St. Simons Island*, St. Simons.

Wright, Richard, *Tatemville*, R. F. D., Savannah.

[p. 258 is blank]

She is fifty or
159 more years of age, gets around well, is the oldest member of her
household, and is primarily responsible for the total care of more than
[855] ten children, ranging in ages from two to sixteen years of age. Some of
them are her own children; others are her grandchildren and great-
grandchildren. Six of them live with her, and four are left in her care
during the day while their parents are away working. I had the pleasure
[123] of spending more than two weeks residing with Miss Deeley and her
large family. I shared a large room with three of the girls and came to
appreciate the effort that went into keeping that room clean and orderly
at all times. No one was allowed to retire for the evening without a
[515] bath regardless of circumstances. Most of the time, a fire was built
around a large black pot in the early evening to heat the water for baths
before supper was served. All the children were lined up and given
baths in a number-three washtub, given their nightclothes, and served
supper around a large handmade wooden table. Miss Deeley had not
[364] accepted electricity for her home, so a kerosene lamp was the primary
source of light after nightfall. Mealtime was always a pleasure at this
home. The last meal of the day often consisted of cowpeas and rice
[264] cooked and seasoned with "bone," or rice served with shrimp and
[262] other fish caught by the children during the day. There was always hot
corn bread and molasses and a bucket of iced tea.

159 After meals were served, the children gathered around the open
fireplace, and Miss Deeley entertained all of us for hours until the fire
539 died down and the sleeping children had to be carried to their beds.
This woman was an avid storyteller. Her general procedure was first to get everyone settled. Then she herself could get comfortable in the place always reserved for her by the window. After poking around in the fire until she was satisfied that it was burning well, she would lean back in her chair, take a couple of good bites of tobacco, kept in her apron pocket, and then lift up the youngest child into her lap and begin to reminisce about happenings during the day. She had the ability to tell a range of stories, but she seemed particularly adept at hag, ghost, or other psychological thrillers. She traveled around much in her day as a migrant worker in Arizona and Colorado; she said she heard some of her stories around the campfires there. Others she had learned from her parents and grandparents, and still others she said she had just made up to keep the children entertained.

538 Miss Deeley was fairly strict with the children. Once she permitted
two of the oldest to go to the island store for some "sweet"; she spat
115

538
115 some tobacco juice on the ground and told them that they had better be back home before the juice dried. She seemed to delight in playing with the children, however. One evening she told a series of tales about "raw head and bloody bone" and then retired to her room, leaving the children and me sitting, gazing into the fire. Shortly afterward she appeared in the open doorway, down on all fours with a sheet covering her body, her arm and hand outstretched as if she were reaching for one of the children. Everyone, including me, jumped up and ran to the back door calling her name. She then unveiled herself, overjoyed that she had frightened the children but delirious with laughter that she had actually frightened me.

Miss Deeley's telling style differed from most of the men's in that she usually kept her voice low and rather sedate, as did most of the other women who told stories. She did not tell many tales in the animal tradition of trickster. As noted, her favorite topics were "hants," hags, and unusual murders (see "The Three Pear[s], or the Singing Bones"). Her subject matter may have been inspired by the proximity of a graveyard to her home; her belief that she had seen spirits of people buried there perhaps added realism to her tales both in her mind and in her listeners' minds. She was not a master of facial gestures as Mr. Ted was, but rather captivated her listeners through vocal expressions and voice modulation. Characteristic of her speaking style were low mournful moans, of varying durations and intensities, and subtle exclamations at strategic intervals. The low intensity and monotony of her voice contributed significantly to her ability to create suspense through an aura of intense dread and to communicate fear and even terror to her listeners.

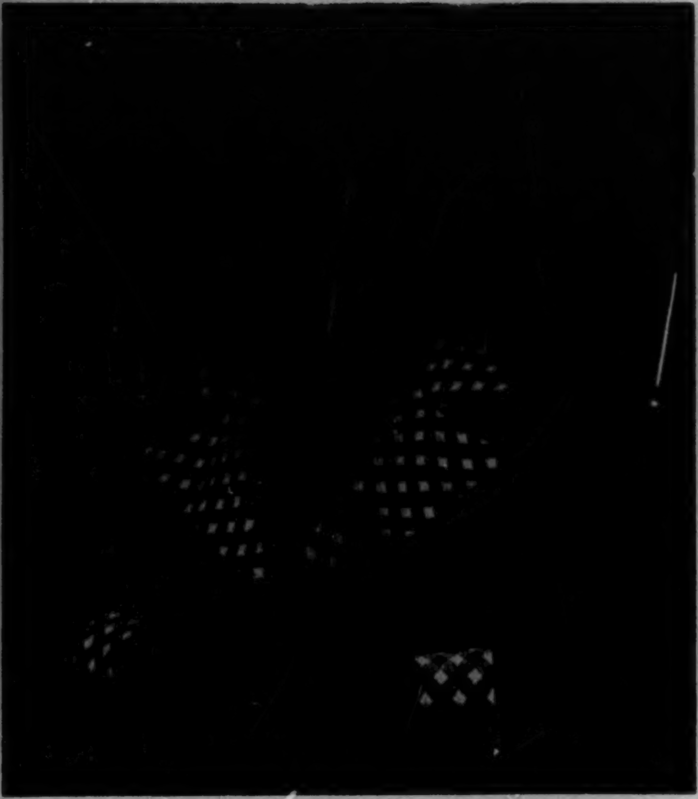
The nature of her topics made Miss Deeley's audience a somewhat captive group, and she knew well how to keep them that way. She had a mastery of narrative devices used to test her audience to see if they were indeed abreast of her tale. For example, during a very intense part of a tale, she would often stop, spit tobacco into the fire, and ask one of the children if she had remembered to bring the clothes in off the line, knowing full well that the chore had been done. The child would quickly answer yes and beg her to go on and tell what happened. Satisfied that she held her listeners' total attention, she continued with her narrative. Given the nature of her topics, her audience communicated with her on a nonverbal level; rarely would anyone dare to make a sound. She seemed to enjoy the spellbinding effect of her narratives

538 not only on the children but on the adults who often came to visit her as
115 well. Many times the children sat with their eyes glued to her face or
staring dazed into the fire, hypnotized by the slow, steady rhythm of
her voice unfolding the bizarre events of her tale. At times, her voice
became so low, and she paused so long, that some of the younger
children stirred, and the older ones lashed out in anger at them for
disturbing the chilling mood that had been created. In tales of hags,
ghosts, and other strange happenings, the audience did not usually
respond quickly as they did with other, less suspenseful, tales, pri-
marily because topics such as these were not taken lightly by the is-
[991] landers. Many are staunch believers in hags, ghosts, voodoo, and the
occult. Thus tales of this kind were told not only for entertainment
but to inform or to reaffirm the listeners' belief in the existence of
these seen and unseen forces rampant throughout the islands and the
universe.

538 Furthermore, such grave topics often had an aesthetic appeal some-
what different from that of funny or historical tales. The audience was
not lively, loud, or as energetic as it would be when listening to the
exploits of Ber Rabbit. Witty stories are deserving of spirited and ex-
cited responses. In listening to tales of the supernatural, the audience
tended to be not only quiet but filled with awe and reverence, even
more for one who knew of such things by firsthand experience than for
the topic itself. There was some verbal interplay between Miss Deeley
and her audience, but it was much more subdued than even in prayers
[994] and sermons. In prayers and sermons the audience is expected to par-
ticipate openly in the event. People are free to speak as loud and be-
[996] come as verbally unrestrained as they want "when the spirit hits
them." In listening to tales like Miss Deeley's, the audience was re-
strained both by the subject and by the speaker's use of a lowered, even
whispered, tone to help create an eerie effect; many times the listeners
had to strain to hear every word. As a result, most displays from the
audience were in the form of low moans ("ummmm . . . uh") or an
occasional "yeah, man," "shonuf so" or "where you de say you see
em?" In these narratives—especially where a story was felt to have an
actual basis in fact—the listeners' questions were not rhetorical, and
the speaker took time out from the events of the tale to answer them.

159 Miss Deeley was one of the few informants who still included
533 songs in some of the tales told. Songs are an inherent part of most West
538 African stories, and of stories told throughout the Caribbean, because

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina



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Miss Myrna, who has lived her entire life on Wadmalaw Island, befriended the author and introduced her to the ways of the island and its people.

[p. 61]

●115 God, roots, and life. He was respected in the community and re-
nowned for his knowledge of the Bible and root medicine. He owned a
fair amount of land, which he put to good use growing corn, cucum-
bers, peas, okra, tomatoes, and other vegetables. The only time I ever
got to talk with him was late evenings (when the sun "de red for
down"), when he would come in from plowing and planting and sit
under his big pecan tree to "catch some breeze." On a few occasions
his wife, Miss Maime, a small, short-legged, soft-spoken woman,
brought his plate out to the pecan tree so that he could eat while he
talked to me. His plate had always been set aside and kept warm, and it
[262] was indeed tempting, piled high with cowpeas and bone, a good help-
ing of corn bread sliced and filled with fresh butter and molasses,
[263] onions and tomatoes from the garden, and hot pepper sauce, with
[272] penny drink or iced tea served in his own particular glass.

Mr. Hampy was not a lonely man. He had several children and
more head of grandchildren than he felt he could keep up with. Mr.
Hampy's children who had remained at home had built their houses or
set up their trailers so that each shared the communal yard area near his
home, as is traditional in Sea Island family communities. Some of his
children, including a special daughter, had moved to New York. The
[845] daughter was special because she had been born with a caul over her
face and was thus thought to have the gift not only to see ghosts, hants,
[787] or hags but to be able to know things that other people are not priv-
ileged to know. Mr. Hampy himself had been born with a caul, and he
115 was thus able to sympathize with her special sight. In fact, he at-
845 tributed her leaving the island and going to New York in part to her
787 desire for an area where such things as ghosts, hags, and plat-eyes
were less prevalent. Because the island roads are densely forested, they
775 are judged natural haunts for the spirits of the dead. Mr. Hampy often
amused himself by telling me that if I really wanted to see a ghost, he
115 could show me one any day of the week just after midnight on the road
775 leading to the Presbyterian graveyard. However, we never made that
journey after nightfall to see the ghost standing at the entrance to the
lane (see Appendix 3).A

115 Mr. Hampy told no tales of Ber Rabbit and his witty ways, though
he admitted that he knew many of them. His only topics were religious
757 or medicinal. It was from him that I learned many of the Sea Island
[538] folk cures. He accompanied me to the wooded area behind his home
and pointed out some of the common roots that grow on top of the

A, [For Appendix 3, see Category 775, pp. 158-164--Analyst]

115 757 ground: dog fennel, sea muckle, and mullein, all of which can be dried, boiled, and made into teas to alleviate ailments like colds, stuffy noses, headaches, and nervous conditions. In addition, he pointed out several varieties of the more potent underground roots: white root, known to relieve headaches and cold symptoms; black root, said to be good for nerves and the shakes; snakeroot, excellent for constipation; and the revered bloodroot, said actually to bleed when it is cut and generally accepted even by the younger generations as a cure for such blood disorders as anemia and high and low blood pressures and for various female problems. I was privileged to be offered samples of some of his many medicinal cures, for example, snakeroot boiled and steeped for four months in good whiskey. Though this concoction is bitter and among the worst-tasting of all the herbal cures, it is fairly common on Sea Island shelves. Some say, "If the taste ain't de move whatever de pain you, the whiskey sho will." Mr. Hampy believed that [782] when one took something from nature, like a root, one had to return something back to it. Thus for every root he dug up he left a few cents in the hole, more or less depending on the type of root; only silver money, for example, was left for the bloodroot.

159 538 Mr. Hampy's oral style was typical of most Sea Island religious oratory, though, since he was accustomed to public address on Sundays as well as storytelling, his language varied according to the occasion. In telling his religious tales, he would engage his audience's attention with the seriousness of his subject and the dignity of his manner. Unlike Mr. Henry, he seldom stood. He would begin very slowly, explaining that his subject matter could always be substantiated by the Bible (though in some cases, as it turns out, it could not be). In the midst of his sermon or tale, he would often do as Miss Deeley did: stop, look around at each of the listeners' faces, and say, "I ain't believe you know what I ben talk about, do you?" Not expecting a reply, he would continue. The question was to gauge the extent to which he held his audience's attention. Whether he had everyone's attention or not, he, like Mr. Henry, would proceed to talk until I ran out of tape, until it was too dark, or until the mosquitoes became too bad to continue to sit outside.

159 761 During one of my recent trips to the Sea Islands, in the summer of 1984, Mr. Hampy died. His doctors said that there was no medical reason why he should have died. According to the islanders, Miss Maime, his wife, had been battling cancer for more than ten years and

539 And then, Lord *Then Lord!*

I will go home and get
My just resolve[21] *Oh yeah!*

For all that I have done *Done!*

And then, Lord *My Lord*

Want you to meet me, Jesus
Somewhere, Lord, Job declare *Oh yeah!*

The wicked must cease in trouble *Trouble!*

And my soul have rest[22] *Rest*

'Tis thy servant's prayer, Master!

Amen. *Amen! Amen! Yeah! Yeah sir! All right!*

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126
Mr. Mike Simmons was well into his nineties when Miss Myma introduced me to him and his wife (he has since died). He sat in the doorway of his two-room shanty and tolerated a seven-day linguistic procedure. I collected a phoneme inventory from him by asking him to pronounce nearly three hundred words. The task is slow and exacting; sometimes his wife, in her late eighties, would call out from the kitchen and offer a variant way in which a word could be pronounced. This was a lovely couple.

[533]
[782]
When Mr. Mike tired of the procedure, he would look out over the grassy field in front of his home and begin to hum an old-time song, or he would begin to pray. When he did either of these things, it was my cue that he was tired and I should leave. The following is one of his short prayers.

The Lord's Prayer

539
(782)
Most Revered Mr. Mike Simmons
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina
July 1976

Our Father, who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come
Thy will be done on earth as was done in heaven.
Give us this day, O daily bread
And forgive those who art in trespass against thee
O heavenly Father!
We are meeting on worldly soil today
Calling on your name
And, heavenly Father, couldn't do nothing until you come
Come now, Jesus, if you please?
The revered thanks to you today, heavenly Father
O Lord, if you please!
Look upon me in the eyes of pity
In the heart of compassion
I be so please, heavenly Father
O Lord, from last August, the single
They told us at least
O heavenly Father, you know when fall down, get up
Ben calling on your name
And I couldn't do nothing until de come!
Come now, heavenly Father, please, if you please

Amen!

● 115
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Tom Mack is an active member of the Wadmalaw church community. He is a professional singer and is considered well on his way to perfecting the prayer-giving tradition. Though he is in his early forties, he is, according to the islanders, still experiencing the "scalding water" of life, one of the primary ingredients in learning to chant the words of the prayers with emotion. When he heard that I was writing a book, he came by to see me and offered the following prayer for me to complete.

Appendix 1

An Interview: Catching Fish

226 171 The ancient fishing methods explained in this interview are reminiscent of those found in Nigeria and other African countries near large bodies of water. I actually observed the drumming and spearing technique among the Igbo and Ibebio of northern Nigeria. Juanita Jackson, Sabra Slaughter, and J. Herman Blake also write of this continuing fishing practice on the Sea Islands.[1]

[115] The informant was a retired tradesman and a very important member in the church community. He said that he learned these practices from his father, and his father had learned them from the "old people" before him.

The interview has been edited slightly for clarity.

Mr. Daniel Dent
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina
1983

226 124 INFORMANT: To catch mullet fish, we goes in the river. Everything still. The water still. Make a few throw with the cast net, and you haven't catch anything. So you get up on the side of boat and you beat on side with you oars, or paddle. And you just keep beating—[you] call em dolphin, we call em horsemen—then beat until the porpoise come around. After the porpoise come around, then the mullet fish will come to the shallow water. [Then] you cast for catch em. You don't catch much fish without the horseman. The porpoise have to be around. The only way to get the porpoise, man—[you] don't see them—you beat some, on the side of the boat, and they'll hear you miles for miles under the water.

124 bogging?' The consultant would answer, 'Boots.' It often
126 took as long as a week to complete the word list for one consultant.

115 The Consultants

The consultants listed below were all born on Wadmalaw and had resided little or no time on shore.

1. Mrs. Aneatha Brisbane (Miss Myma) is a very gracious widow of seventy-four years. Her assistance in eliciting natural responses from others for word list and syntactic (122) structures was invaluable. I resided with her and am indebted to her for data recorded in familiar environments.

2. Mr. Henry Gibbs is a ninety-six-year-old gentleman. He remains still very active, loquacious, and alert. His recollections of ex-slave conditions and uninhibited speech was a major contribution to this work.

3. Mr. Ozzie Rivers (Mr. Happi) is a deeply religious seventy-year-old gentleman. He contributed much to my understanding of the phonology of Gullah. His vast store of religious experiences were reminiscent of similar ones dating back to West Africa.

4. Mrs. Annie Brown (Miss Missi) is a lighthearted widow of seventy-six, who leads a very private and secluded existence. I am grateful that she agreed to assist me with

this study.

5. Mr. Arthor Ted Williams (Mr. Ted) is a very prosperous businessman and large landowner in his middle forties. He and his family were helpful in providing a place and creating a relaxed atmosphere for story-telling events. He is noted for having the most interesting repertory of animal tales of anyone on the island.

6 & 7. Mr. and Mrs. Mickells were friendly, warm, church-going people in their sixties who welcomed me into their home on my first visit, and taught me the names and geographical history of each part of the island.

8. Mr. Dauzy White (Mr. Doc), a very active gentleman who helped with the phonology and lexicon of the language. He is approximately seventy years old.

9. Mr. Oscar Simmons, a gracious gentleman of ninety-two, held in awe and high esteem by the community. He was very very helpful in the elicitation of minimal pairs.

10. Mrs. Loretta Mack (Miss Cutsey, deceased), a mild woman approximately seventy years old, was a primary source for songs and animal tales. She was helpful also in directing me to other consultants whom she felt had unusual speech patterns.

11. Miss Yvonne McCleod is a bright, religious, adolescent girl who was an excellent textual consultant and who could produce some of the purest Creole constructions of any person on the island.

•115 12. Mrs. Mazi, a respectable religious lady in her late sixties now residing in California.

13. Miss Ida Mae, a very 'sporty' young woman of thirty-two years renowned for her ability to play 'The Dozens'.

14. Mr. Sam, an active gentleman in his senior years, to whom I owe my thanks for playing 'The Dozens' with Ida Mae in order that I might record them.

15. Mr. Semour, a quiet gentleman in his mid thirties who often acted as a catalyst for conversations.

16. Mr. Jimmie, a young man in his mid twenties who is held in high social and economic esteem. He gave me invaluable assistance in my entire study by recording hunting tales, and midnight 'lies' with his peers.

17. Mr. Ed is a young man in his late twenties who gave freely of his time and speech during my visits. He believed in 'wine and woman'.

18. Mr. Murray, a young man in his early twenties who is now in the armed forces. He often aided in soliciting recordings from children.

19. Mr. Kiph, a very busy young gentleman in his early thirties, who informed me of the agricultural processes on the island. He is known for his eighteen-hour work days.

20. Mr. Oreo is a loquacious gentleman in his early thirties who aided in the collection of 'old words' thought to have African origins. He is considered to be

a member of the rising social class of Wadmalaw.

21. Mr. Sam P., an elderly gentleman who could produce some of the purest Creole construction available. He is a relative of Prince Smith, who was one of Turner's (1949) consultants.

22. Mr. Brown, an active churchly gentleman in his middle years, who is held in high social and economic esteem.

23. Mrs. Mozi, a friendly lady in her late sixties. She is an avid church worker and has a vast store of childhood memories and animal tales. Her assistance was invaluable in collecting phonological data.

24.. Mr. James Frazier is a retired gentleman and a highly respected landlord of the Wadmalaw community, who won third place at the Wadmalaw 'Story-telling' contest.

Black Dialect Consultants

The following are consultants who had no known affiliations with Gullah speakers:

25. Mrs. Beryl, a very active middle class lady in her early thirties, born and raised in Mineral Springs, Arkansas. She now resides in Detroit, where she tells me that the dialect of Black speakers differs from her own.

26. Ms. Louise, a very proud middle-class lady in her thirties, born and raised in Mississippi. Her assistance was invaluable in making phonological and syntactical distinction between Black dialect and Gullah.

27. Mr. Dave, a polite gentleman of thirty-three born and raised in Saginaw, Michigan. He was influential in helping me to see differences between Black dialect in the north and Black dialect in the South.

African Consultants

28. Mrs. Oyiba Oyemelokwe is a close friend from Nigeria, who is approximately thirty-four 'seasons' old. She was helpful in drawing parallels between the oral tradition of literature in Igbo and the tradition in Gullah.

29. Miss Chinare Iheotoh is twenty 'rainy seasons' old. She is my former student and friend from Nigeria. She gave me valuable insight into West African Pidgin English, as well as parallels between her native language—Igbo—and Gullah.

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•115
124 7. Some consultants who aided in the pronoun survey participated in a very informal 'story-telling' contest for which a prize was awarded to the one who told the most interesting tale. The stories were recorded and a frequency count was taken of third person singular pronouns as they occurred.

193 8. I consider /əm/ the most basilectal form for Gullah because, of the variants filling third person feminine objective slot, /əm/ is least like the form used in the acrolect. The /i/ form appeared in the objective slot infrequently, but it is not regarded as a performance error because it occurs in this position in Guyanese and Jamaican Creoles. It may be a stage in pronominal acquisition, but it may not be a stage that all speakers go through. *She* is considered mesolectal because it would seem to indicate that a speaker has acquired one acrolectal form to distinguish male from female.

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[126] 9. Different intonation patterns were observed with each tense. Unfortunately, I was not able to capture this on tape. The consultant assured me that all of the contexts were possible.

19 10. There were only six tokens of /i/ counted in this category. The form [hisɛɸ] 'himself' occurs in the data to mark third person feminine possessive as well as third person masculine possessive. It was not included with the other forms because I perceived it to be used by

19 speakers other than those consulted for the pronominal count. Similarly, *he own* and *she own* are often heard and were recorded by Turner (1949) and Cunningham (1970).

193 128 11. The neuter possessive pronouns are excluded from this analysis because they occurred too infrequently in the data. Nichols (1976) also notes the infrequency with which they appeared in her study.

19 12. Hancock's word list supplies most of the means for comparison of words in the Atlantic creoles unless specified otherwise. (Hancock 1970:7-72).

194 13. The selection of a rounded or unrounded variant of /ɒ/ has not yet been associated with factors of style, sex, age or other variables.

539 776 775 14. *Hag* has an unusual meaning for the Islanders. It can mean a person, man or woman, dead or alive. For this narrative, it is used to refer to a haunted house—a house inhabited by spirits or one living person with unusual powers.

115 193 539 15. This consultant's speech exemplifies the system of rule changes discussed earlier. He consistently uses the English past tense marker along with the Creole *was bin*. The fact that *was* is FOLLOWED by *bin* is an indication that the Creole form is the self-correction and that the speaker relies more heavily on the Creole form to make himself understood.

121 that is expected in creole communities, I now move to more specific investigations of the kind of variation involved in the analysis of the Creole preverbs and English correl-
121 ates. The corpus includes consultants selected from a
115 total of forty speakers ranging in age from 10 to 96 years. Twenty-one were selected from the forty primarily on the length of their recorded speech samples, and their willingness to participate in the study. The speakers are discussed in the Appendix,[A] and numerals corresponding to each name are used when reference is made to particular constructions.

193 Turner (1949) and Cunningham (1970) provide descriptions of the preverbal markers /də/, /bɪn/, /bɪnə/, and /dʌŋ/ for that variety of Gullah most distinct from English. The preverbs are particles that function as members of the verbal auxiliary and may precede any type of main verb. The verbal categories are marked for aspect opposed to time (Cunningham 1970:63). According to Turner (1949:225) the unmarked form of the verb is used to refer to past, present, or future; and no particular form is used to indicate whether or not an action is continuous. Because Gullah employs a predominantly aspectual system, it is sometimes impossible to make one-to-one correlations with English. But, as with most languages, it is possible to make 'closest approximations'. In Table 2.1 the Creole preverbs and their closest approximation are counted and compared. Table 2.1 shows the diversity of the language situation on Wadmallow Island, and that there is considerable

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 31]

A. [See Category 115, pp. 148-152--Analyst]

193

SPEAKERS	FORMS									
	-*s*	-*ed*	*be*	dəz	-*ing*	dɔŋ	bɪnə	bɪn	də	STEM
12			*6	4	10				4	26
7	1		*10	1	4	2	1	3		10
13			3		5	2	2	5		10
14			2		3	2		3		12
17			1	2	5	2		2		15
18			2					1		3
20			*5		3	3		3	1	9
Totals	1	0	29	7	30	11	3	17	5	85

* - Includes Non-Standard features

-*s* = third person singular verb
-*ed* = past tense morpheme for all verbs except *be*
-*ing* = verbal, adjectival and nominal form
be = all forms of verb *to be* excluding invariant *be*

TABLE 2.3
PRE-MESOLECTAL SPEAKERS

there is little data to indicate movement in the verbal suffix -*s* category. There are only two tokens for the whole group and each of these tokens is an example of faulty concord produced by a husband and wife. The other nineteen speakers adhere to the Creole pattern where there is no subject-verb concord at all.

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Linguistic changes in other categories are obscured in the distribution. To normalize the findings and to give greater accountability to the data, Table 2.1 is divided in order to separate those speakers who show greater familiarity with English from those speakers who show greater retentions from the Creole. Of the twenty-one
● (115) consultants, fourteen reveal features more characteristic of the basilect, and these fourteen are represented in Table

193

	FORMS									
	-s	-ed	*be*	dɔz	*-ing*	dɔŋ	bɪnə	bɪn	də	STEM
Basilectal	2	0	60	6	48	24	48	79	102	440
Pre-mesolectal	3	0	87	21	90	33	9	51	15	225

TABLE 2.4
PROPORTIONATE OUTPUT OF TWENTY-ONE SPEAKERS

Values obtained by extrapolation of data in Tables 2.2 and 2.3

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[115]

2.2. Though the division is not clearly defined, the remaining seven speakers are considered pre-mesolectal because their speech patterns indicate greater movement from the preverbs /də/, /bɪn/, bɪnə/ and /dɔŋ/. Equal useage of both English and Creole markers, suggesting a mesolectal speaker, was not apparent in the sample. The data from Tables 2.1 through 2.3 are summarized in Table 2.4. Here, the proportionate useage and frequency of occurrence of basilectal and pre-mesolectal forms in the total population are shown. For example, in proportion to the total population, the speakers in Table 2.2 use /bɪnə/ five times more frequently than those in Table 2.3. These data were obtained by extrapolation. The specific pattern of movement and direction of change in individual categories can only be revealed by discussing particular variants.

2.1. The Verb Stem

The numerals in the verb stem column represent the total number of times an uninflected verb is used by a

2.3. The -*s* morpheme

193 A final factor contributing to the high frequency of verb stems in the basilect and the pre-mesolect is absence of 193 suffixal -*s*. Suffixal -*s* is represented phonetically as [z], 194 [ɨz] and [s]. The pronunciation variant is dependant on the phonological makeup of the final segment of words to which -*s* is added. When heard as [z] the -*s* follows non-strident voiced segments as in [filz] *feels*; when heard as [ɨz] the -*s* follows a strident consonan as in [mætʃɨz] *matches*; and when heard as [s], -*s* follows nonstrident voiceless segments as in [laits] *lights* (Wolfram 1969:134). In English the suffix -*s* is the grammatical marker of third person singular present indicative, the marker of possessive, and the marker of noun plurals.

193 Historically, Gullah has not been marked for subject-verb concord and there is insufficient synchronic data to suppose that it is marked for it now. Only two of the ● [115] twenty-one consultants in the study show any traces of concord and these two examples are faulty. The other nineteen reveal no number concord at all. Though the data for this study reveal little linguistic activity in the -*s* suffix category, a review of the quantitative analysis undertaken on the -*s* in Black dialect and Guyanese creole, languages thought to be genetically

193 177 in the manner they saw fit' (2). Considering that the category is composed of English *be* verbs which were used in lieu of /bɪn/, /bɪnə/ and /də/ the number is quite low, especially when compared to the total number of occurrences of /də/, /bɪn/ and /bɪnə/ in Table 2.2. As expected, Table 2.3 shows a higher occurrence of *be* forms beyond the basilect than occurrences of /bɪn/, /bɪnə/ and /də/. Likewise, all the consultants in Table [115] 2.3 showed some familiarity with English *be* verbs. As evidenced by their performance, five of the fourteen speakers in Table 2.2 show no familiarity with English *be* verbs at all.

193 The preverb /də/ performs a number of functions in addition to marking present continuative. The high frequency of /də/ in Table 2.2 is related to this as well as other functions:

/də/ as present continuative aspect marker:

/ɡɔᵊm ɹɛit ɡəndə dɛdɪ də stæn əp/ (3)
'See it right there daddy. Standing up.'

/i də ʃɛk tetə/ 'She is shaking potatoes.' (23)

/də mɔŋki də hol/ 'The monkey is holding on.' (5)

/də/ as past continuative aspect marker:

Cunningham notes that the past continuative is marked by /bɪn/ + ɛ + VERB and /bɪn/ + VERB + *ing*:

When you call me, I been ɛ cook my dinner.
'When you called me, I was cooking my dinner.'

I been driving one day 'I was driving one day'
(Cunningham 1970:67-8)

121 pronouns were tested because sex reference is generally
193 marked in English by these forms.

The corpus included twenty speakers selected from the Island, ranging in age from ten to ninety-six years. A quantitative survey was taken of the pronominal distribution for each speaker.[7] Nine were selected on the basis of their willingness to participate in the study and on the range of pronouns used. These nine consultants are among the ones who assisted in the verb study as well.

Though the concern of this chapter is third person singular pronouns, Table 3.1 is presented to show the distribution for a range of pronominal possibilities in Gullah.

All of the following variants are used by the nine
193 consultants, though all are seldom used by the same
(115) consultant:

GULLAH THIRD PERSON SINGULAR CASE PRONOUN VARIANTS

Nominative	*Variants*				
masculine	ɪm	i	hi		'he'
feminine	ɪm	i	hi	ʃi	'she'
neuter	ɪm	i	ɪt		'it'
Objective					
masculine	əm	i	hɪm		'him'
feminine	əm	i	ʃi	həɹ	'her'
neuter	əm	i	ɪt		'it'
Possessive					
masculine	ɪm	i	ɪz	hɪz	'his'
feminine	ɪm	i	ʃi	həɹ	'her'

Tables 3.2 and 3.3 show the distribution and percentage of occurrence of each variant. Nichols' study
(128) on pronominal variation in Gullah, undertaken on a neigh-

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aspirated, /hiz/, to mark the possessive. The pronoun /ɪm/ occurred more frequently than its aspirated allomorph /hɪm/. /həɹ/ and /əɹ/ occurred too infrequently for comparison.

Similar to its performance in the subjective cases, /i/ has a frequency of occurrence of 62.1% which is higher than any other form marking the masculine possessive case:

i blɛŋk i äː	'He blinked his eye.'	(17)
i du i teː lɛk dɛt	'He did his tail like that.'	(23)
berəɸäː dʒɛs tɛk ɪm taɪm	'The butterfly just took his time.'	(23)

Though there are four variants marking the third person feminine possessive case, the forms appeared less often in the data than any of the other pronoun forms. This limitation may be due in part to the unwillingness of the consultants to discuss matters relating to female persons. All of the consultants used for the pronoun survey were male, with the exception of two. Consequently, the subject matter may not have been conducive to the appearance of the feminine possessive, or for some linguistic reason the form was avoided.

When a feminine possessive pronoun was selected, no extreme polar variety of basilectal /ɪm/ or acrolectal /həɹ/ was chosen. When the environment was conducive to the selection of a third person feminine possessive pronoun, /i/ had an 83.8% occurrence contrasted with /ʃi/ which occurred only 16.2% of the time.[19] The consultants interviewed appeared to avoid the use of the possessive form

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[115]
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in general by supplying extra linguistic data such as the demonstrative pronoun *that one* and the article *a*. Cunningham (1970:22) writes that the definite article *the* may also mark possession, and it is not restricted to marking inalienable possession. Nichols (1976) excluded the possessive pronouns from her analysis because of the infrequency with which they occurred in her data. The following sentences exemplify one way that the consultants appear to avoid these forms:

so i kɪk əm wɔn, da ɸut ɸɛsɪn... (8)
i tak' i ied, n bæm, dĭ βɔn ɸɛsɪn
so i dʒɛs are tiel nɔ

'So he kicked him one (and) his foot fastened.
He took his head and "ɔam"! His head fastened.
So he just had his tail (free) now.'

As with the nominative case pronouns, the same pattern emerges in the possessive case with /i/ as the general marker for both masculine and feminine pronouns: i i i / i i.

3.3. The Objective Forms

The third person singular objective pronouns show the least amount of change. The /əm/ form is dominant for masculine, feminine and neuter objects. It can be [194] argued that /əm/ is an unaspirated, etymological allomorph of /hɪm/, just as /i/, /əɹ/, and /ɪz/ are unaspirated allomorphs of /hi/, /həɹ/ and /hɪz/. However, the data

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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Acknowledgments

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In the twenty-five years of research represented in the collection of slave songs, from which the comparatively few examples in this book have been culled, aid has been given me that words can never repay. Without the help of its many friends, this music of the Georgia Sea Islands could not have been preserved. Two of its admirers gave generous support in the four frightening years following 1930. One provided the funds needed to continue the work when the chastened Negroes would do for a quarter what they will not do today for a dollar; the other contributed her time, thought and general assistance.

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I wish that the names of all who have shared in this work could be given, but over a period of years I have become indebted to so many associates that it is inadvisable to mention more than those whose coöperation has produced far-reaching results.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Parsons of Lakeville, Connecticut, and Wassaw Island, and the late Augustus Oemler of Savannah and St. Catherine's Island, gave me in February, 1909, my first opportunity to hear the singing of primitive slave songs on the coast of Georgia.

In later years the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jones, of Sea Island, furnished an opportunity to hear similar songs on Sapelo Island.

The friendly interest of the late Mrs. Clifton of The Ridge, McIntosh County, made me acquainted with the "ring-shout," which is so rarely seen, even by Southerners, that few realize "shouting" is a religious dance of African origin, and not a loud cry.

The Misses Dent, of Hofwyl Plantation, on the mainland in Glynn County, generously shared their knowledge of the songs that descendants of their family's slaves have been encouraged to preserve.

In Camden County, Mr. Chacey Kuehn, of Satilla Pines and New York City, gave valuable help in locating the best singers in the neighborhood of Tompkins, Burnt Fort, and Jerusalem.

The late Howard E. Coffin never lost an opportunity to share with others his delight in the slave songs. The applause of the cosmopolitan audiences he assembled at

114 115 The Cloister, on Sea Island, did more for their prestige than years of single-handed effort.

On St. Simon's Island, Emma Postell Shadman was an unfailing source of inspiration and information. Her death is an irreparable loss.

In the work of bolstering up the waning authority of the religious slave songs, it was necessary to take various steps that could never have been carried through without the assistance of the following friends and acquaintances. To them I wish to express my gratitude.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin McElwain, of Sea Island and Boston;

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Lewis, of Hamilton Plantation, St. Simon's Island, and Grosse Pointe, Michigan;

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Kuehn, of Satilla Pines, Camden County, and Oak Park, Illinois;

Mrs. Henry Hodge, of Savannah;

Mrs. Burwell Atkinson and Mrs. Charles T. Nolan, of Incachee Plantation, Camden County, and St. Simon's Island;

Mrs. Kenneth Berrie, of Brunswick;

Mrs. George W. C. Drexel, of White Oak, Camden County, and Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania;

Mr. and Mrs. Grainger, of Colesburg, Camden County;

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Thanks are due Mrs. W. K. Bunner, of St. Catherine's, Ontario, for first-hand information concerning the music of Africa's Gold Coast Negroes;

To Margaret Davis Cate, I give special thanks for help in uncovering certain particulars concerning life on Georgia's coastal plantations.

To Lucile Bruce Brown, of Sea Island, I am greatly indebted for constructive criticism of different sections of the manuscript.

The publishers of *Country Life* courteously permit me to include the article on slave songs which I wrote for the issue of December, 1935.

I owe much to the information given me by Melville J. Herskovits and Joseph Greenberg, of Northwestern University, and Dr. Lorenzo D. Turner, of Fisk University. The results of their research in various aspects of Negro history have been most helpful.

115 114 Through the kind offices of Chalmers S. Murray, of Charleston and Edisto Island, South Carolina, and Albert H. Stoddard, of Savannah, Georgia, and Daufuskie Island, South Carolina, the doors of their respective islands were opened to me. Their generous assistance will never be forgotten.

[127] To Foresta Hodgson Wood, I am deeply grateful for the many photographs she has generously contributed. To Clara E. Sipprell, Ralph Steiner, Dr. Orrin S. Wightman, Maxfield Parrish, Jr., and others I also give thanks for the use of various pictures.

To Creighton Churchill I am under obligation for his inspiring coöperation and sustained interest.

But for the help generously given by Mary Burnet, of Athens, Georgia, I doubt if this book would ever have been finished. My debt of gratitude to her is immeasurable.

115 114 533 Thanks due these and other friends must not, however, obscure the fact that without the coöperation of the colored singers—the only people qualified through their racial background to present properly the traditional songs—there would have been no occasion for this book or these acknowledgments.

Although Julia Armstrong, of the singing Proctor family, has never told me the half of what she knows, particular thanks are due her for the help she has given since 1915. Her husband, Joe Armstrong, her brother, Willis Proctor, Cornelia and Edith Murphy, and others at the South End of St. Simon's have all aided in resurrecting old songs. Ben Davis, of the North End, comes of another family of singers, and special mention is due him for his loyalty and dependability. Bessie Cuyler, Catherine Ramsey, Peter Davis, Alec Stewart, and Mansfield Jackson have demonstrated the fine spirit on which the successful presentation of this type of music depends. There are other first-rate singers on the island, but the foregoing are singled out because they recognize that the requirements of the group take precedence over those of the individual.

[491] When a causeway was put across the marshes in 1924 and St. Simon's Island was connected with the mainland, we were able to include other Glynn County singers in our "Spiritual Singers Society of Coastal Georgia." Among those who have proved their devotion to the slave songs are Jeffry Union and Susyanna Vallion. Several of the children in the Broadfield contingent, trained by Susyanna and her assistants, Clara Roberts, "Coots" Hightower, and Gertrude Cohen, now sing at the Cabin on St. Simon's with the older group. In McIntosh County, Josephine Young is an able exponent of the old-style singing; so are Henry Shaw, Rosa Sallins, Julia Walker, Nancy and Alphonzo Thorpe.

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Camden County, too, has many excellent singers, but proximity to Jacksonville, Florida—as is the case with the section south of Savannah to the Ogeechee River—has not increased the popularity of the old-time music. Outstanding among those who sing in the traditional manner are "Major" Harris, Will Harrell, the Lukes, the Gibbses, and several other singing families that appear to have inherited the gift. There are hundreds of others listed in the membership book of our Society. Unfortunately it is impracticable to name them all, though their devotion is the only safeguard against oblivion that this music possesses.

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Formerly the allegiance of the singers to the slave songs was supported by religious fervor and by the authority of the praise-house and the church, but these strongholds are now given over to Europeanized book versions and vapid sacred hymns. Neither possesses the power to stir the blood, and in many churches—even where a vested choir sits in smug self-possession beside the pulpit—the congregation sings the traditional songs when collection time comes around: the deacons know from experience that the old tunes are potent money-getters, while the book songs are not. It is well to recognize, however, that in a materialistic world loyalty needs something more solid to stand on than religious exaltation. For this reason the help of the white friends who have given their moral and financial support to the preservation of the slave music is beyond price. To them this book is gratefully dedicated.

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538 wherever heard. The humor [41] and keen knowledge of human nature they display
171 indicate clearly enough that the Negro realized the necessity of keen wits if the little
(522) man was to survive in a world governed by brute forçe. Ages ago, apparently, the
race learned another valuable lesson: to convey an idea by inference rather than to
538 state it baldly. The stories given me by Peter Davis—who learned them from his
Uncle John—illustrate this fact, and demonstrate the way scanty training in the sea-
● (115) island school-rooms was supplemented by older members of such families as had
the story-telling gift:

Buh Rabbit an' Buh Wolf in deh Well

539 One day Buh Rabbit wuz walkin' thru de woods an' 'e met an' ole well. Deh wuz two buckets in it—one went up when de udder went down. Buh Rabbit say to hese'f: "Deh's nice water in dat well. Believe I'll go down an' get me a drink—some ole fool'll come alon' an' pull me up." By an' by Buh Wolf come whistlin' down de road. Buh Rabbit call: "Hey, Buh Wolf, want some cool watah?" Buh Wolf say: "I wouldn' mine!" Buh Rabbit say: "You jes' git in de bucket an' come right on down heah." Buh Wolf was hebbier dan Buh Rabbit, so when he got in de bucket an' start down, he meet Buh Rabbit half way comin' up. Buh Rabbit say: "O boy, dat's de way in dis worl'—some comin' up an' some goin' down. Well, I'll be seein' y'u some mo'."

(191) In her chapter on "Folk Art," [42] Martha Beckwith gives an example of the "so-called animal talk . . . often reported from African fields." Bessie Cuyler, of St. Simon's, gives a good illustration of this talk. She explains that, when the preacher comes for a visit, the poultry gets very excited, the rooster most of all:

He say: Preacher comin', Preacher comin'!
The guinea hen say: I knowed it, I knowed it!
The goose say: Tell it, tell it!
The duck say: Hah, hah, hah!

But the turkey gobbler is a wise old bird, an' he got fussed at all de noise an' when de rooster keep sayin' Preacher comin', Preacher comin', he sputter: "Schu-u-uw!" an' say:

What de hell do I care
You betta look out fo' you' neck!

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[41] *An example of Afro-American humor runs true to form: A child calls to its mother "O mamma look dat da fulafafa!"* The mother with a superior air says: "Gal, you bin in dis buckle *country [buckra is white man]* so long, an' can't say wulisāpāpa." *The joke lies in the fact that "fulafafa" and "wulisāpāpa" both mean woodpecker in an African dialect.*

[42] Black Roadways, a Study of Jamaican Folk Life.

STICKIT BALL A HACK

533 (539) Like "Ham Bone," "Ball the Jack" and "Juba dis an' Juba dat," this curious song is half-spoken in a lively fashion, to rhythmical hand clapping. When the verse is finished "Then you kick it off":

Jack t' the rack back
Stickit ball a hack
Low ball high ball
Scallion jack.

HAM BONE HAM BONE

533 524 (115) As is obvious, twelve-year-old Maria's version of these rhythmical lines is modern. Luck was with me when I found George, another twelve-year-old, who could give the older verses which are recited in the same way—alternated with similar patting. The only difference is that Maria balances herself on one foot; with her left hand she holds her cotton skirt tight around the "ham bone" section of her anatomy, places her right foot on the other leg below the knee and with her right hand deftly smacks out the intricate rhythm on her "rusty butt." [10] George, however, takes the line of least resistance, and leans with his back against a wall. However, in that position he is able to lift his "ham bone" a little higher and do a rather more complicated bit of patting. His hand flies back and forth like a shuttle between his chest and his rump.

(539) These are Maria's words:

Ham bone ham bone pat um on uh shoulder
.... [11]
Gimme a pretty girl show y'u how t' hold her
....
I went down town one day
....
I went with my mother—too.
....
My mother bought me a billy goat
....
If my billy goat don't butt
....
Momma goin' to beat my rusty butt
....

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[10] The night she wore a corduroy skirt, the patting could not be heard and her performance missed fire.

[11] These dots represent patting.